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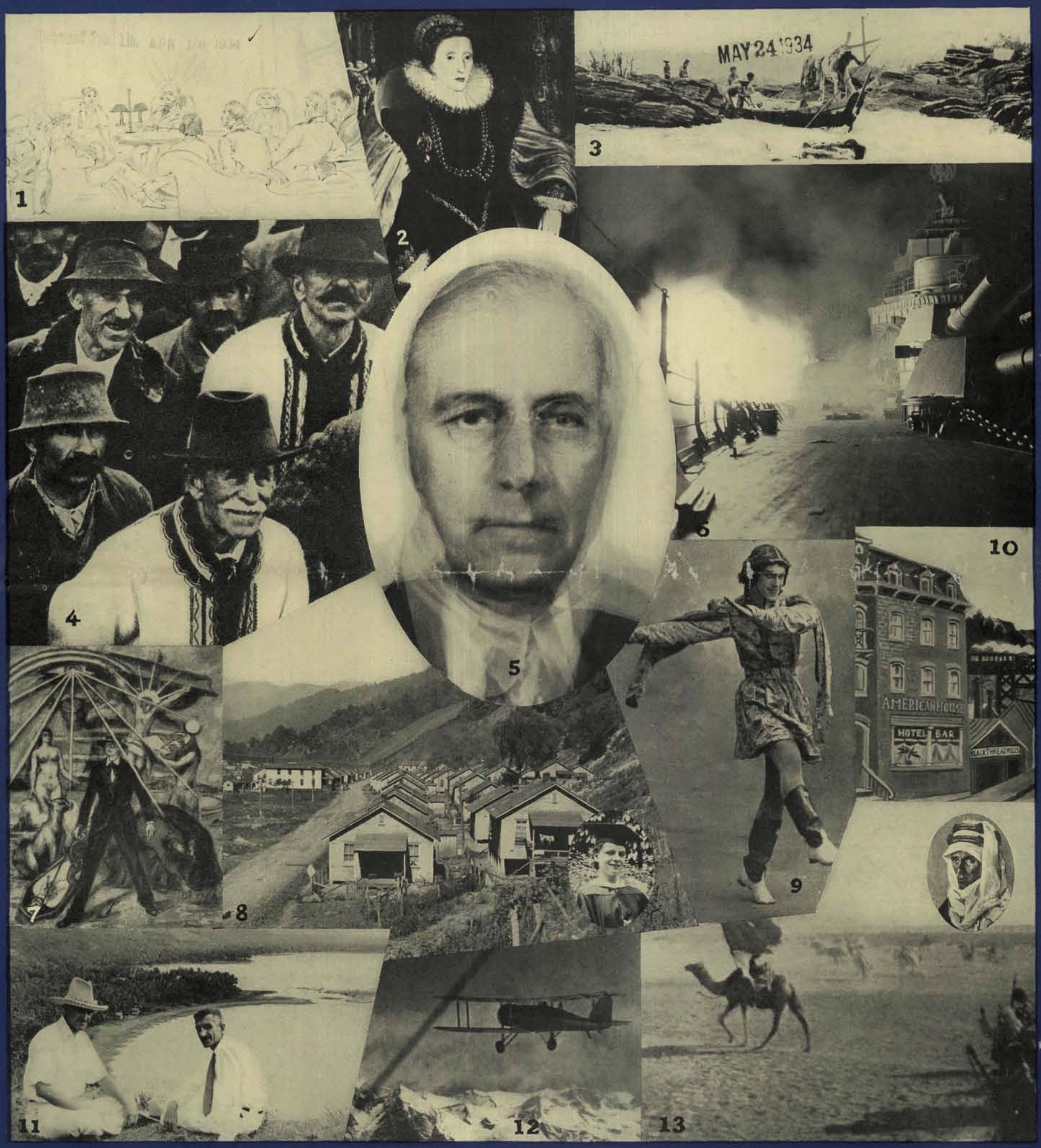
The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



NEWS IN PICTURES OF SOME OF THE IMPORTANT SPRING BOOKS

1. *Dickens, whose "Life of Our Lord" will appear in May, shown here reading "The Chimes" to his friends.* 2. *Queen Elizabeth, from J. E. Neale's biography.* 3. *A scene from "Brazilian Adventure."* 4. *Jugo-Slavians from "The Native's Return."* 5. *Composite picture of Roosevelt (whose "On Our Way" will be published next week) and his Cabinet, reproduced from* Today. 6. *A munitions picture from the forthcoming "Merchants of Death" (photo by Acme).* 7. *Frank Budgen's painting of an episode from Joyce's "Ulysses."* 8. *A mining village from "I Went to Pit College"; inset, Lauren Gilfillan, the author.* 9. *Nijinsky, from his wife's biography of him.* 10. *Section of Fiene's jacket for Sinclair Lewis's "Work of Art."* 11. *Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, authors of "Men Against the Sea," near the Bounty's old anchorage at Matavai Bay.* 12. *Over the top of the world, from "First Over Everest."* 13. *The entry into Aqaba; inset, T. E. Lawrence; from "Colonel Lawrence" by Liddell Hart.* (Further acknowledgments, page 610.)

Volume X
Number 38

Saturday
April 7, 1934

IN THIS ISSUE: EDITH WHARTON, LEONARD BACON, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, CLARENCE DAY

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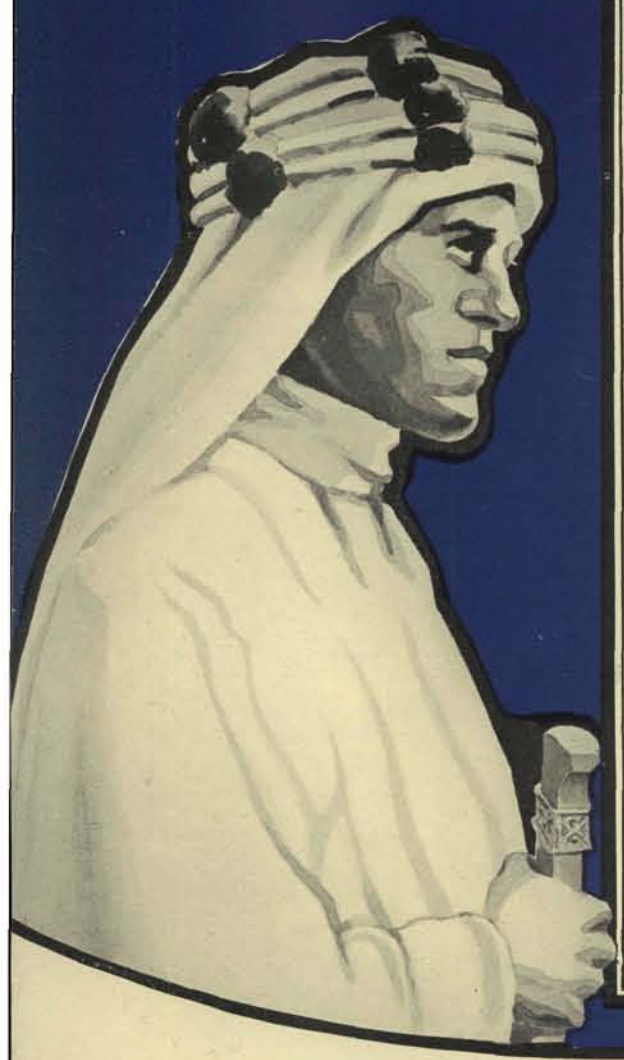

Most Enigmatic of Living Immortals!

Colonel Lawrence

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND

By Liddell Hart

WHO is this strange, elusive genius of such prodigious and varied accomplishments? What is his *real* name—Shaw, Ross—or even Lawrence? Why did he resign his officer's commission to re-enlist secretly in the Air Force as a simple private? How did he come to be twice arrested by his own men as a deserter and twice forced by the enemy to join their own ranks? Why did he burlesque his official report of the masterful Tafila operations in the desert? Why did he insist on working for years for less than fifteen shillings a day? For what reason did he spend seven years writing and rewriting his magnificent "Seven Pillars of Wisdom"—and print only eight copies? How does his career curiously resemble that of Napoleon—even the date of his birth and many of his battles coinciding . . .?

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1934 — NUMBER 38

H. L. MENCKEN AND CLARENCE DARROW
Mr. Mencken showing his guest a prized possession—the picture of a brewery. (Associated Press Photo.)

Treatise on Mencken

TREATISE ON RIGHT AND WRONG. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

THE last paragraph of Mr. Mencken's book is a declaration that the problem before mankind is to find criteria for distinguishing among values those that have truth in them from those that are mere appearance. "It is," he assures us, "a job exclusively for modest and sensible men." One wonders where on earth he expects to find such. In the same paragraph he tells us that "priests, politicians, lawyers, and metaphysicians have bungled the job in the past." In previous chapters he has ruled out a good many other classes of people: moral reformers, professors (of course), poets, though he pays them grudging and not very understanding tribute. He has all his old robust contempt for the common man as well, especially if that common man happens to live below the Mason and Dixon line. He has even added some new contempts and skepticisms. There are a few pages that dismiss any hope anybody may have had of late in the psychiatrists. And toward the end of the book it is made quite clear that those in charge of affairs in Russia have simply substituted the predatory interests of politicians for those of bankers and bishops. As for the Brain Trust, obviously they are simply professors getting for the first time in their lives a crack at power after being snuffled and sneered at all their lives. What hope from such a quarter!

Yet for all the sideswipes at idolatries old and new, for all the routine patter of the now blowzy Menckenese invective (which it is quite impossible to resist borrowing) this book contains, as always, some shrewd insights, symptoms of miscellaneous and wide though never thorough and always capricious learning. But one cannot help wondering for whom the book is written. It is entitled to be called a treatise in just about as serious a sense as this review is entitled to such a description. In the extensive but random bibliography at the end of the volume there will be found two or three books that are certainly better outlines of the history of both moral ideas and moral habits than Mr. Mencken gives. As for analysis of the issues which Mr. Mencken broaches, one can find better aid in both those primary and secondary works from the latter

(*Continued on page* 607)

Lawrence of Arabia, an Authentic Hero

COLONEL LAWRENCE. By Liddell Hart. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

THAT an adequate biography of Lawrence should be given to the world is a crying necessity, even in an age that can well afford to dispense with nine-tenths of its biographical output. For in the vast and dismal tragedy of the World War, in which the machines so signally dwarfed the men, the appearance of an authentic hero, in the sense that Carlyle used the word, is a phenomenon as heartening as it is unique. There were no doubt, on both sides, a number of reasonably competent leaders, but the divine spark was lacking. Where among the Petains and Ludendorffs, the Haigs and Fochs, is there a leader to stir the imagination like Nicholson and Hodson and Outram in the Indian Mutiny, like Lee and Sherman and Stonewall Jackson in the American Civil War? In this century it took the destruction of ten million ordinary men to reveal one superman.

It would seem as if the Providence that produced Lawrence had set itself a task of hardly less difficulty in providing him with a worthy biographer. One trembles to think of an attempt to humanize him in the way that Strachey did the business for Gordon. And Captain Liddell Hart has shown, in his recent biography of Foch, what he can achieve in the vein of iconoclastic irony. But into his portrayal of Lawrence the ironic touch does not enter. He makes no attempt to soothe the self-complacency of the common man by reducing greatness to a common level. He has the rare courage to set down the simple truth, even when it seems to contradict the dogma that miracles do not happen.

For there is something about the career of Lawrence to which we can hardly deny the name of miraculous. That a vagabond student should, by the sheer force of his personality, have made himself the leader of an ancient people of alien civilization, in whose eyes he and all his countrymen were infidel dogs, is startling enough in itself. That he should have led this people to victory in spite of handicaps hardly precedented in the history of war; that he should have invented a new strategy and new tactics, and applied them with vic-

(*Continued on page* 605)

Permanent Values in Fiction

BY EDITH WHARTON

MUCH as I dislike, in so brief an article, to go back to origins—though those of modern fiction are comparatively recent—I can hardly avoid beginning with the question: What constitutes a novel? To the generation which read Dickens and Thackeray, Balzac and Stendhal, the problem hardly presented itself. The answer floated, so to speak, on the surface of the enquiry: a novel is a work of fiction containing a good story about well-drawn characters.

To a generation nurtured on Mr. Joyce and Mrs. Woolf such a definition would seem not only pitifully simple, but far from comprehensive. The real preoccupations of some modern novelists seem so unrelated to the form they have chosen that one is almost driven to wonder if practical interests have not tempted them to expand the scope of the novel. Supposing a brilliant essayist, a literary critic, or a historian, wishes to get a wide hearing for his ideas, and a remunerative market for his prose; if he asks himself in what form his work will reach the largest public, the obvious answer is: in the form of a novel. This was discovered long ago by the pleaders of special causes—Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, for example—who produced (often with immensely remunerative results) that unhappy hybrid, the novel with a purpose. But they did at least respect the accepted view of the novel, as being a vehicle for the telling of a story, and simply told their stories in terms of the moral they wanted to enforce, instead of letting their characters follow unhindered the devious ways of experience.

The modern writer with a purpose (no less a purpose because no longer a moral one) is unhampered by such restrictions. Whatever ideas or views he deals in, he barely troubles to manufacture mouthpieces for them, even of the most rudimentary sort; and the characters in modern fiction are often (as, for instance, in the novels of D. H. Lawrence) no more differentiated than a set of megaphones, through all of which the same voice interminably reiterates the same ideas.

It is true that there is still an ineradicable undergrowth of writers instinctively convinced that the novelist's job is to tell a tale and to mirror human nature; and whenever they have the ability to accomplish one or both of these difficult feats, the general public seizes on their books with avidity, and even the most severely selective find excuses for enjoying and applauding them. But for the present the trend of serious criticism turns more and more from this conception of the novel, whatever talent may go to its making.

The novel in its most serious form is tending to become a sort of anthology of the author's ideas; and to those who object that a given book, labeled a novel by its author, is really only a literary hold-all, the author, and most of the critics, condescendingly reply that the book in question is, on the contrary, a new form of novel—an answer which sounds final, but obviously begs the question. The attempt to define the modern novel was anticipated, a generation ago, by the witty Mrs. Bell of Boston. A bucolic friend presented Mrs. Bell with a sucking pig so remarkably pink and pleasing that, instead of eating it, she kept it as a household pet as long as it was small enough for the part. But at length, for all its endearing qualities, it outgrew the drawing-room; and on being questioned as to its subsequent fate, Mrs. Bell sadly said: "Oh, we just keep it to put things in."

I do not for a moment assume that essayists and historians are turning themselves into novelists from motives mainly commercial, or at least consciously so. I wish they were; for I believe the real cause to be a much more harmful one—the belief that new "forms" are recurringly necessary in all the arts. It is less dangerous for an artist to sacrifice his artistic instincts to the pursuit of money or popularity than to immolate them to a theory; and I know no theory more contrary to the free action of genius than the persuasion that a given formula—alphabet, language, or any generally accredited form of expression—is worn out because too many people have used it. When I hear this asserted by critics, and see it tremblingly accepted by would-be creators, I am reminded of a distressed millionairess who once said to me: "My husband and I want to build a country house, but we don't know what style to choose, for one of my brothers-in-law has already used the Ionic order, and the other the Corinthian—and the Doric is really too simple!"

Since the world began, and man pictured his first stories on the walls of prehistoric caves, forms have been unceasingly and irresistibly modified by having new life poured into them; for what my distraught millionairess did not know, but what critics of any of the arts should surely remember, is the incessant renovation of old types by new creative action. There is no fear of monotony while the creative springs perpetually bubble up in new intelligences; and I doubt if, for instance, it would have occurred to any really great creative writer that the old rules of syntax were too narrow for his genius, unless he had been told so by the non-creative. The acceptance of such theories certainly shows a temporary decline of the inventive faculties; but the human imagination is fed from sources

This Week

TRUMPETER, SOUND!
By D. L. MURRAY
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

ONCE A WILDERNESS
By ARTHUR POUND
Reviewed by William Allen White

LONG REMEMBER
By MACKINLAY KANTOR
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW
By LOUIS BROMFIELD
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
By LEONARD BACON

THE CROWS
By DAVID McCORD
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

Next Week or Later

ON OUR WAY
By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Reviewed by Norman Thomas, Raymond Moley, and William Allen White

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far below the reach surface droughts, and the arrested cur nts will flow again, and the permanent values eventually declare themselves.

Meanwhile one must turn to the past to learn what these permanent values are in the field of fiction; for it is not always easy to ascertain, if one tries to discover them in one's contemporaries. There is a law of mental optics which makes it difficult, in all the arts, to separate surface novelty from real originality; but few are conscious of this optical incapacity, and some (it must be remembered) are not afflicted by it. In spite of the *Quarterly* a handful of Keats's contemporaries knew what he had given them; and in every generation there has been an eye adjusted to focus the eternal at short range.

In general, however, when the range is too close, the object contemplated tends to become either blurred or monstrously enlarged; and it is only necessary to study that master of all the critics, Sainte-Beuve, to find countless instances of the unreliability of contemporary "close-ups." Perhaps only one great creative artist can discern the supreme qualities of another; as Napoleon did when he saw Gœthe, as Balzac did when he read Stendhal.

Taking this difficulty into account, I am inclined to think that the best way of estimating contemporary writers is by extracting from the whole body of fiction some evidence of what its lasting qualities are; to find out what "keeps" and what does not. Though in all the arts it is admitted that contemporary judgments are often—temporary, we agree to assume that the verdict of time is final. And that verdict, where the writing of fiction is concerned, seems to say that two qualities alone survive the test. One, and the principal, is the creating of characters which so possess us with the sense of their reality that we talk of Anna Karenina, Becky Sharp, the Père Goriot, and Tess, as of real people whom we have known and lived with; and the other is the art of relating these characters to whatever general law of human experience made the novelist choose to tell their tale rather than another.

In examining the work of recent novelists it is somewhat disconcerting to find how seldom either of these points seems to have engaged their attention. They may perhaps be said to have dismissed them as irrelevant to the new theory of the novel; but I wish they had not discarded what are and must always be the two things most difficult of achievement. I am always suspicious, in creative work, of modifications which avoid difficulties; and nothing in the novelist's task puts his ability to the test as does the creating and keeping alive of his characters; and, next to that, the reasoned relating of their individual case to the general human problem. A tale in which the characters drift by like figures in a film is much easier to reel off than one in which a deeper significance is sought, and makes itself felt to the end.

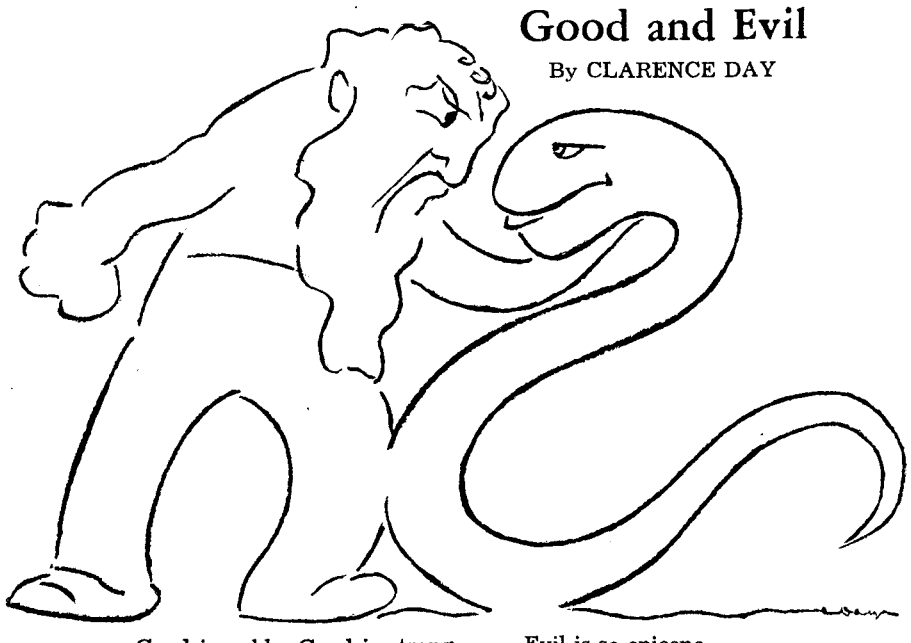
Two perils beset the average reader: he is apt to be taken either by sheer sentimentality, or by what one might call a cultured mediocrity; and if left to himself would swing contentedly between the two. But the appalling facilities for the dissemination of pseudo-culture, the virtual impossibility of escaping from the current literary contagions, have disturbed the pleasant somnolence of the majority. They are told every morning, by wireless and book-jacket, by news-item and picture-paper, who is in the day's spotlight, and must be admired (and if possible read) before the illumination shifts; and every passing fad and experiment in their favorite field of letters is pressed on them with bewildering rapidity. All this tends to make popular judgments more unreliable than ever; but it is the more instructive to note that when a Babbitt struts on the stage the thin shadows take flight before his sturdy flesh-and-blood, and a deep laugh of appreciation encircles the world.

Mr. Lewis is not the only creator of live people among modern novelists, but I choose him as a symbol because the line he follows—while it is in some danger of becoming a rut—seems to me to be the true one. In his quest of material he has conformed to Goethe's counsel, and plunged his hand into the thick of average human nature; and I believe the greatest error of the younger novelists, of whatever school, has been to imagine that abnormal or highly specialized characters offer a richer field than the normal and current varieties. Emily Brontë was a woman of genius; but if she had lived longer, and attained to a closer contact with reality, she might have made, out of the daily stuff of life at Haworth parsonage, a greater and more deeply moving book than by picturing a houseful of madmen. Dostoievsky, in "The Idiot," also essayed the study of abnormal people; but he blent them with the normal, as life itself does—and thus, incidentally, showed that their chief interest, for the reader, lies not in their own case, but in its tragic and destructive reactions on the normal. And readers who, in spite of their admiration for "Wuthering Heights," sometimes find it difficult to disentangle Heathcliff from Earnshaw, and the two Catherines from one another, will not easily forget the living presence of Prince Myshkin, and his strange vigil with the murderer beside the dead body of Nastasia.

The general reading public, suggestible though it is, and anxious to follow the hints given by the selective minority, is yet irresistibly drawn to any book based on genuine observation of character, and embodied in consecutive and significant narrative. Sinclair Lewis's success is probably due far more to the fact that he has drawn people with recognizable faces, and told their stories with a vigorous simplicity, than because of any general perception of his rare gift of tragic irony. A long course of cinema obviousnesses and of tabloid culture has rendered the majority of readers insensible to allusiveness and to irony, but they still rouse themselves when they see "a likeness" to flesh-and-blood in the people they are asked to read about; and I believe this instinct is a sound one, and that such books as Sinclair Lewis's and Theodore Dreiser's have more of the lasting stuff of good fiction in them than dozens of works dressed up in a passing notoriety.

Good and Evil

By CLARENCE DAY



Good is noble, Good is strong,
But his task is hard and long;

Evil is so epicene,
So elusive, so serene.

Soldier of the Queen

TRUMPETER, SOUND! By D. L. Murray. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

MR. MURRAY, a new name to me and an author concerning whom I know practically nothing, obviously makes no bones about the fact that he is writing romance, romance in the setting of that Victorian era which, despite all our gibes at it, still fascinates us with its peculiar shadows and highlights. But he possesses a virtue that lifts his work above that of the ordinary romancer: this is his appetite for research, for ferreting out details of speech, dress, occupation, recreation, and applying skilfully all the minute touches that render a period pictorially.

Victorian London, with all its sights and sounds and smells, lies about us in rare

JOHN ALAN MAXWELL'S JACKET DESIGN FOR "TRUMPETER, SOUND!"

reality from the moment Mark, the nine-year-old, and his mother and putative father descend from one of the early railroad trains at London Bridge Station. Mark is placed, in trade, with a Mincing Lane firm of wholesale importing druggists, drysalters, and macassar-oil merchants, and a lodging found for him with O. Fawkes, late Bluemantel of the Juvenile Drama, Print, and Tinsel Warehouse in Greensleeves Row. Mr. Fawkes has a most delightful daughter, Fancy Fawkes, a dancer in the romantic drama at the Ionic Theatre. The first book of the novel takes Mark into young manhood, through various vicissitudes, his final falling in love with Fancy, and his disastrous, though epic, fight at the Loriner's Arms with Jim Ballon. As a result of this fight he leaves the Fawkes and takes the Queen's shilling.

The second book involves Mark's being whipped into shape at Ranalow Cavalry Barracks till he becomes a trumpeter in the "Mercuries," the same being the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Rothburg's Own Hussars. Meanwhile Fancy Fawkes meets with disaster upon the stage and falls into a strange marriage. The third book shows the Light Division on the Crimean Peninsula, shows it in action at the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. It also completes a melodramatic story involving Mark as a bastard son of the late Earl of Blackwater, his legitimate half-brother, Lord Blackwater, Fancy Fawkes, and other characters.

It is not, however, in the development of a rather fantastic plot—as were most of Dickens's—that my interest lies. Mr. Murray is, of course, a true romancer. One of the matters he has woven into his story is a romancer's explanation of the "Apparition of the 'Unknown Mounted Officer'" at the Alma, discussed by A. W. Kinglake, to whom he makes grateful acknowledgment and to whom, with one other, he dedicates his book. This apparition bore upon the fate of the Light Brigade in its famous charge at Balaclava. Mr. Murray's explanation, despite its melodramatic elements, is plausible. But, taking this as an instance of the romancer's inspiration, the outstanding merit of Mr. Murray's writing exists not in plot but, for one thing, in the verisimilitude in which he clothes his description of the "Mercuries" in action on the Peninsula. Here is a romancer with a truly remarkable eye for realistic detail and the ability to recreate the soldierly life of an epoch, not merely in the officers' mess but in barracks and through the tedium of a campaign. In fact, one of the most striking things in the book is its revelation of the barbarous treatment of the common soldier in that day, a treatment that a certain number, like Mark, survived. It is a wonder that any of them did. Living conditions in peace-time for the common soldier seem to have been far worse than conditions on Welfare Island today!

I may say, frankly, that I myself did not mind the melodrama attendant upon the character of Lord Blackwater, though his character is distinctly out of Bulwer-Lytton and "Ouida." Nor did I particularly care that old Fawkes and his daughter, and the baby born of a mock-marriage, became gypsy outcasts on London streets before the truly Victorian happy ending. Even when Lord Blackwater murmurs, above the bay of Sebastopol, "My God! and to *me* she was a toy!" I choked it down, for the sake of the London described in the first book, of the military training—with all its outrage—described in the second, and for the realistic details of action on the Peninsula as described in the third. In the last book Mr. Murray handles rather nicely a "fadeout" method from one section or chapter into another—as when the cries of the stragglers coming into the first bivouac before Alma blend into the street-cries Fancy hears waking from her sleep in far-off London.

I have always liked toy theatres. Perhaps it was the toy theatre maker who seduced me in the beginning of this book; but though there are certainly elements of toy theatre representation in the story there is also present the vigorous creative ability of one not to be altogether duped by the glamour of romance.

Dramatic Suspense

HARRIET. By Elizabeth Jenkins. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.

THIS story of a brutal murder perpetrated in Victorian England by a family with pretensions to middle-class "respectability" has suggestions of Wilkie Collins and of Madame Tussaud's; but the handling is modern and incisive. Harriet is a feeble-minded woman whom Lewis Oman, a cheap climber, marries for her money. She is subjected by Oman and his family to a process of brutalization which leads to her death; but it is all so gradual that the Omans delude themselves out of any feeling of responsibility. The story is absorbing throughout, rather for its dramatic suspense than for its latent horror. Three-dimensional background and characterization are essential to the distillation of horror. But the author emphasizes the events at the expense of the potentially rich background; and psychology at the expense of characterization. The psychology, however, is convincing; and "Harriet," if it does not realize all its opportunities as a novel, is a fascinating case history.

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An Authentic Hero

(*Continued from first page*)

torious brilliance on all occasions; that he should have done his own demolitions, his own reconnaissance, even his own spying; that he should have triumphed with a minimum of bloodshed in the bloodiest of all wars; that to the qualities of a great soldier he should have added those of an equally great statesman; that he should have displayed the virtues of courage, gentleness, tact, and humor in the highest degree; that he should have written a book that is probably destined to be a classic of literature; and, finally, that he should have cast aside the fruits of action—fame and power and emolument—in no spirit of self-sacrifice, but as things not worth bothering about—if this is not miraculous, the word has no meaning.

It is something in this age of great machinery and little minds to know for certain that a hero of heroes has, beyond doubt, risen from the ranks of our contemporaries; something more to know that he is still among us, in the prime of life, and with a wisdom ripened by years of deliberately sought retirement. It is not the Lawrence of Arabia that is of importance now. It is the Lawrence of the future, the man who, if any single man can, is capable of giving guidance and leadership to a distracted civilization.

It will, at any rate, be better for us to give a rest to the ignoble business of debunking predeceased greatness, and, instead, try to comprehend such living greatness as Providence has vouchsafed us. It is in this spirit that Captain Liddell Hart has approached his subject. His attitude might best be described as one of critical hero-worship. It is to his credit that he has resisted what must have been the temptation to limit his view to that of the military expert appreciating a soldier whom he justly ranks among the leading commanders of all time. He has, indeed, done full justice to Lawrence the soldier, and, for the first time, revealed the nature and magnitude of his achievement. But unlike the other great captains he has portrayed, Lawrence was not a soldier by profession or, indeed, by nature. The business of killing frankly disgusted him. The one pitched battle that he staged, a perfect gem of tactical skill, resulting in the complete victory of his undisciplined and unreliable tribesmen over a formidable regular force armed with machine guns, filled him with nothing but shame that he had been induced to fight at all, instead of paralyzing his enemy by bloodless finesse.

But Lawrence was not one of those geniuses who only exist in books, and to whom the solution of all problems comes in flashes of sudden intuition. If any man possessed the infinite capacity for taking pains, it was he. Not one of his almost infallibly brilliant strokes was executed without preparation of a sort that no previous commander has dreamed or dared undertake. If he wanted to know what the enemy was doing, even at a time when his name was known and dreaded, he coolly walked into his lines and found out, without ever being found out himself. The narrowest shave he had was when he was disguised as a woman, and had to flee from some lovesick Turkish soldiers!

One incident shows the practical quality of Lawrence's heroism. It was during that one battle of his. He, with a certain sheik, was taking refuge behind a little flinty bank which was cracking under the barrage of no less than twenty Turkish machine guns. Clearly it was a case of making a bolt for it, and Lawrence, being on foot, started off first. By some miracle he arrived safe at his main position. But on that run for his life he remembered to take count of his paces, in order that, when the Turks arrived at the position, he might have the exact range of them.

The most amazing feature in the career of this hardly credible being is the fact, brought out for the first time by Captain Liddell Hart, that the young archæologist, when the war surprised him in his peaceful activities, was more profoundly versed in military science than, probably, any of the army chiefs. He had gone to sources that were either neglected or practically unknown, and whose importance is only being revealed now by Captain Liddell Hart himself. He had studied the French masters of the eighteenth century, from whom Napoleon himself had learnt his trade, and of whom the most brilliant of all, Bourçet, was represented in England by one solitary volume.

Perhaps no commander ever ruled such a nightmare force as Lawrence's Arabs. They were practically incapable of enduring casualties—pitted in a hammer-and-tongs fight against such a born soldier as the Turk they were a broken reed. They had scarcely any discipline, and would fly upon the spoil in the moment of victory. The tribes were at variance with each other and frequently could not be employed in each other's territory. The chiefs had to be kept loyal by perpetual bribes. And yet Lawrence was capable, by the sheer force of genius, of turning this weakness into strength, of conquering 100,000 square miles of territory and putting out of action some 70,000 Turks, with no losses worth speaking of to his own side.

As a statesman he proved himself as great as he was in the field, and he had that same gift of turning out to have been always in the right. His confidential monograph on the art of dealing with Hejaz Arabs is a masterpiece of concise wisdom. The counsel he gave to the British Government after the war was as sound as it was honorable. It was as a result of his advice that King Hussein of the Hejaz lost his kingdom.

And then comes the most surprising phase of all in Lawrence's career. With the laurels of victory on his brow, with honor, wealth, fame, at his command, and the glow of youth still in his veins, he casts all the rewards and dreams of ambition deliberately aside, divests himself even of the name he has made legendary, and retires to the servitude and drudgery of life as a common soldier. He was not even allowed the privileges of an ordinary soldier, but subjected by suspicious authority to a tyranny of petty persecution as odious as it was, perhaps, inevitable. Nothing, however, could damp his spirits or quench his genius. Though he will never condescend to accept so much as a lance-corporal's stripe, he is even now at work on what may conceivably prove the salvation of his country in case of another submarine campaign.

But this is not—cannot be—the end. In another year, Lawrence's term of service will have expired. And what then? He may think of retiring to his Wessex cottage, but I do not fancy he will find it so easy to escape his destiny. The culminating act of the drama is yet to be played, and it resembles one of those ancient mysteries in which the hero descends into the underworld for a time, only to gather fresh strength and wisdom for the final conquest. In this age of charlatans and frothing dictators mankind has need of a man who, as Captain Liddell Hart himself says, "is the Spirit of Freedom come incarnate to a world in fetters."

This, surely the most significant biography of our times, is essentially a first volume. When, and under what circumstances, will the second be written?

❧ ❧

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford is a historian whose chronicles of the Victorian Age and the contemporary era are among the outstanding historical works of recent years.

OUTSIDE FEISAL'S TENT AT WEJH
Photograph by T. E. Lawrence

The Dilemma of the Socialist Party

THE CHOICE BEFORE US. By Norman Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by Laurence Stapleton

MR. THOMAS and his party are shown to us in this latest volume confronted with a dreadful alternative—marriage with communism, or a single life in which the Tolstoyan purity may no longer be preserved. Alike ruined by her faint-heartedness and—I say this in all sincerity—saved by her conscience, socialism is left a maid whom there were few to know, and very few to love.

The socialist and the communist are divided by the idea of the totalitarian state. According to Mr. Thomas, to reject the concept of democracy is "to deny what the choicest spirits of great generations have valued more than life itself, to claim that any bureaucracy, however devoted, can ever be . . . a sufficient substitute for the heretic who has always been the growing point in the development of society." Confused in logic as this statement is, one ought not to doubt the reality of the connection it indicates between the right to scepticism and the growth of knowledge. And not even the religious fanatic, in whose ultramontane philosophy political science has found much of value, will hold that man should be satisfied "to have any state or commonwealth be forever his mind and conscience." Thus firmly attacking communism in its most vulnerable point, its failure in theory or in practice to bring the real will of the thinking man into a satisfactory relationship with the general will of society, Mr. Thomas has done good service to his cause. Only by a view of destiny which could be rationally no stronger than that of that of the fascist, can the communist meet this argument.

But granted democracy as our working ideal, and remembering that, to the communist, dictatorship is only an intermediate stage, we have again to make the choice between internationals, second and third, on the grounds of political effectiveness. And here Mr. Thomas reveals as usual the faults of his party.

For he concedes that the first step toward the coöperative commonwealth is the capture of the political state, possibly by force and by confiscation. The socialist thus far committed is hardly to be thought of as whiter in metaphysical shade than his more consistent brother. Fully to understand the irony of Mr. Thomas's position, one must listen to him on British and German socialism. The British are respectfully rebuked for their failure to accomplish any real construction. This comes hard from a party just out of the Sunday school to a party successfully entrenched in the unions, which has managed to give its loyal patriarchs a voice, if little power, in government, and has determined in national conference to strike against war and to repudiate the policy of gradualism. But even more distressing is it to read Mr. Thomas's account of how the Germans, by following constitutional methods too strictly, abandoned their cause. For his own program is very little different. As beginning, he suggests a "get together" of socialists, communists, and the unions, and increased attention to the aspirations of white collar workers and young engineers. In the hour of conflict, a proposal in these terms is indigestible cake to the people. Topped with a plan for an amendment which would give Congress power to pass any social and economic legislation, including a capital levy (this to thwart the wicked Supreme Court which could, of course, declare the very amendment unconstitutional), it ought to increase the demand for red bread.

It is obvious that the American socialist has so far no knowledge of *Realpolitik*. If this is true, the most rational party is eliminated; and the choice before us will perhaps be determined by natural forces, seen as the hypnosis of a Hitler or as the virtue of a worker's revolution. Hope for Mr. Thomas lies in the fact that political science does not recognize the law of the excluded middle.

The Silver Rush

THE SAGA OF THE COMSTOCK LODE. By George D. Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by James D. Hart

ARTHUR McEWEN, a noted California newspaper man, once wrote: "The life of the Comstock in the old days has never been written so that those who did not share it can understand; it never can be so written, for to be like, all would have to be set down, and that is a feat beyond mortal pen." Dr. Lyman has accepted this challenge, and in his fascinating account of boom days on the Washoe has gone beyond all other contenders in disproving McEwen's contention. The Comstock was a calliope, its rhythm "the ceaseless rumble of ore-waggons—the shrill staccato of steam-whistles, the heavings of hoist—subterranean explosions—the quaking earth—the everlasting roll and surge of titanic stamps," and it is this rhythm which Dr. Lyman has faithfully reproduced. By writing his history in sixty-six short, quick-moving chapters he has simulated the breathless speed, the tempestuous life of the Mountain, and enclosed it once and for all between the covers of a book.

In a work as scholarly as a Ph.D. thesis, and with none of the dull impediments characteristic of such writing, he has been successful in catching the background of the community and superimposing upon it the characters who made it what it was. He has seen the life as one of action and reaction, the inhabitants making the background as much as it made them. His thumbnail sketches of "the boys"—the Grosch brothers, Comstock, Sandy Bowers, the Bonanza kings, Terry, Bill Stewart, and others who crowded the scene, are entwined in the hurly-burly tapestry of the times, and yet each manages to stand out clearly by itself. Occasionally Dr. Lyman becomes too enthusiastic about his characters and glorifies them out of perspective, forgetting that they were only silver miners bent on making their "pile" and getting back to "the States." However, such lapses are comparatively rare, and generally Dr. Lyman reproduces the spirit of flush times in Nevada with fidelity as well as vigor.

Dr. Lyman has been wise in confining the main part of his narrative to the eight most active years of Virginia City, but the desire for a dramatic ending evidently precluded his furnishing an epilogue dealing with the post-Civil War years, which would have made the book of more historical importance. His reason for ending so abruptly—the contention that the population left in 1865 as suddenly as it had come—appears erroneous, for it is to be remembered that from 1865 to 1873 the average annual production of the mines exceeded ten million dollars, and in 1875 the Con Virginia and American mines alone milled twenty-five million dollars' worth of ore. But on the whole Dr. Lyman has been successful in depicting the times objectively in their historical relation, while still keeping in key with the wild shrieking of the Comstock's steam-whistles and the thunder of its quartz-mills.

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The Saturday Review
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The Boom in Regionalism

The weight of evidence indicates that the laissez-faire system of economic internationalism is on the skids. Buying in the cheapest market in order to sell cheaply at home will last as long as it is permitted to last, but its number, in many industries and commodities, is up. The backward regions of the world are industrializing where they can, and are increasingly opposed to exploitation because they begin to understand what exploitation does to them; while the growing power of organized agriculture and manufacturing at home, backed by, or identical with, government, refuses to allow cheap selling to cheapen human life. The nationalistic state, with a planned economy, not self-contained, but self-regulating, where in defiance of private profit the collective welfare is made a first consideration in policy, is clearly the ideal which not yet discouraged man is going to try next. And he may succeed, if the hang-over of capitalistic wars aggravated by these social changes does not scramble the broken eggs of the world's economics.

It is not the duty of the critic to prophesy what may happen to literature under this new nationalism, but speculation is not denied him. A new nationalism is sure to bring a new regionalism with it, and regionalism is already boomingly under way in this country. Those old enough to remember the vogue of "local color" in the last century, will ask what is the difference between regionalism and "local color." "Local color" was a pursuit of dying idiosyncrasies of character and dialect in a country rapidly becoming standardized and, not so rapidly, shaping its culture toward an internationalism which, it was believed, laissez-faire economics would eventually make politically possible. The war and the sequent crash of international capitalism ended all that. Our frame of reference has already ceased to be a world society in which the dialect of the Southern mountaineers and the customs of Breton peasants are equally curious. Our frame begins to be a nation which, since it is also a continent, is a trading area large enough to be reasonably self-contained, a country where a central government plans a polity and an economy for diverse units in a (theoretically) harmonious whole.

And within such a frame of reference the regions, the sections which are the true divisions of this country, assume a new importance and a new consciousness. They are no longer curious survivals in a standardizing world, but rather authentic components of an artificial unity—agricultural, industrial, commercial, to use economic terms; conservative, radical, liberal, fundamentalist, naive, sophisticated, traditional, to use intellectual or spiritual terms. The literature which springs (or should spring) from these regions and makes them articulate, is no longer romantic and quaint; it is the expression of an intellectual climate which demands its share in the nation's weather. Indeed, under the new system or even under the influence of such ideas as have been described above, regional novels, regional poetry, regional plays take on some of the functioning of a national literature. They assert the vitality of a part which is independent though indispensable to the whole. They are positive where "local color" was negative, they are dynamic instead of archæological and static, and, if they are good enough, may be of outstanding importance because this new state which we are developing is still far too abstract in conception and mechanical in operation to possess the blood of loyalty and the flesh of tradition and the nerves of passion so essential for literature.

With this in view, the rise of regionalism in American literature, beginning perhaps with the poetic renaissance of before the war, and extending now into fiction and drama, seems more worth discussing than many of the quids and quiddities exercising the wits of critics and scholars in the literary and academic journals.

Dramatic and musical criticism suffered a severe loss last week in the deaths of Henry Taylor Parker and Montrose J. Moses. Mr. Parker, who became familiar to his readers in Boston and New York as H. T. P., was one of the foremost reviewers of the stage and music in this country. For years his articles, contributed in the main to the Boston *Transcript*, with occasional intervals of publication in other papers, took high rank by reason of their ripe scholarship, their discriminating judgment, and their unfailing freshness of approach. "He hated," says Mr. Brooks Atkinson, at one time one of his assistants, "trivial comment and empty cleverness, but what he hated with something approaching virulence was tired criticism." A journalist, he nevertheless wrote always with the precise knowledge of the scholar. Mr. Moses, unlike him, devoted his attention wholly to the drama, and contributed his discussion not to the dailies but to periodicals. He was an assiduous student of dramatic literature and an anthologist who took a leading place among students of the theatre. His collections of plays are standard in their field.

To the Editor: *Plaint and Strictures; Puzzle Fans Applaud*

Hardy and Powys

SIR:—When a reviewer of the prominence of Ernest Sutherland Bates (in discussing John Cowper Powys's "Weymouth Sands," March 17) treats of such figures as Hardy and Powys, it is incomprehensible to me why he must do violence to geography by placing Weymouth in Devonshire and do violence to Hardy by implying that the latter is to be identified with that county. Need I point out that, although Hardy's Wessex overflowed the boundaries of his own county, "every schoolboy knows" that Hardy's roots were deep in Dorset soil?

In lighter vein, on mentioning Christopher Morley to a young lady, she said she had read only one of his books and that was "Mr. Gissing Sees It Through"!

The present is, I believe, the first contribution of the undersigned charter subscriber to your "Department of Plaint and Strictures," as I believe the department should be renamed.

New York City. HAROLD E. HALL.

"Double-Crostics" Welcomed

SIR:—May I be one of the first to applaud Elizabeth Kingsley's literary cross-quote puzzles? It's an ingenious variant on the now somewhat staling cross-words: I'm going to preserve these in a scrapbook. I'm not clever at puzzles. Number 1 took me nearly three hours, a perfect evening for 10 cents; but it sent me back to reading an old volume of Tennyson and I had fun. Since you ask for suggestions: (1) Are the "famous authors" all going to be English-language? (2) Are they all to be poets? (3) Could you possibly make the diagram just a little *larger*, for elderly eyes? I think the Definitions very well stated.

Also, have you been thanked for the brilliant series of humorous cartoons that have been appearing on your editorial page? They are extremely witty and say more by way of comment on the literary world than any number of gloomy essays. *The Saturday Review* has always been shrewd but now you have really attained a sense of humor. I wish some of these cartoons might be reprinted and sold by booksellers as postal-cards; I'd love to mail them to friends.

Riverdale, N. Y. G. W. B.

Suggestions for Mr. Winterich

SIR:—I was delighted with the twenty questions by John T. Winterich, and now you announce a warning that more "literary puzzles are brewing." This is one of the best additions the *S. R. L.* has made, in my estimation.

Personally, I visualize a fine lot of material for literary evenings. Not all your readers stoop to bridge or other games of rule for their diversion. What would be more enjoyable as an indoor sport than a group about a fireplace with plenty of refreshments of the right kind to sparkle the wit, and a series of literary puzzles and questions? The possibilities are unlimited, and such questions as the following would provoke thought and interest:

What was the name of the girl friend who accompanied J. M. W. Turner on his boat rides when he was seeking "color" for a painting?

Who was the lady who kissed Leigh Hunt and thus created the verses beginning "Jenny kissed me!"?

What is the name of the little girl who posed for Tenniel as "Alice" for the first edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"?

What was the name of the actress who witnessed the meeting of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson?

The reading matter of the *S. R. L.* furnishes much temporary information, but your "Literary Puzzles" will furnish food for thought for years.

FLODDEN W. HERON.

San Francisco, Cal.

Industrialism and Leisure

SIR:—Your articles on the Marxist schools of literature and criticism are of special interest to some of us who live in Detroit, the industrial capital of an industrial nation in an industrial age.

As Mr. MacLeish recently wrote, the industrial system is the fundamental controlling fact of life in the present day. When it fails in recurrent crises, as it repeatedly has, survival interest is all that remains to the unemployed, and all other interests, such as cultural, are less than academic. Specifically, leisure for cultural self-development is valueless to a man without food, shelter, and clothing.

In constructing satirical fiction, some of our "best writers" have been oblivious of the fundamental forces begat by the industrial competitive system. The practicing medicoes within the ken of "Arrowsmith" were dilettanti as scientists, but what of their economic attitudes? Gantry was a scoundrel with Christianity and women, but what was his behavior with money?

True, the pettiness (and trickery) of the George F. Babbitts has been exposed: the pseudo-altruistic activities of the Rotary service clubs, the extra-curricular sex interests of the Pillars of the Churches, the work of the Edgar A. Guest Literary Club members, and the naive faith in a Loving God—these and many other types of hocus-pocus have been adequately illuminated. But these are frills, foibles—fustian, amusing enough to a man with a full belly. One learns about the religion, literature, sexual, and social life of the inhabitants of Zenith, but nothing about the economics of the town. Doubtless Babbitt was a crooked soul in his economic relationships; but if he was not, then his other weaknesses are as nothing. If he gave bread, when bread was needed, he was fundamentally sound; but if he gave a stone when bread was needed . . .

W. T. HUDDLE.

Highland Park, Mich.

"The Lonely Plough"

SIR:—In "Trade Winds" of March 3rd Mr. Quercus says something like this: "We have always liked the sound of Constance Holme's titles—'The Lonely Plough,' etc.,—and wish someone would read them and tell us what they're like."

Quercus is an old so-and-so. Doesn't he remember? He gave me "The Lonely Plough" one day in your office—I think in June, some two years ago—and asked me to read it and tell what I thought of it. And I *did*—I carried it about with me everywhere I went, had a wonderful time reading it over and over, and one sweltering July day I typed out my impressions of that rambling, sentimental, but sturdy novel and sent them on to him. Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! To be sure my letter may have gone astray. I admit it was a rotten review. . . .

Delving into my memory, I draw up but these things about "The Lonely Plough": the main character, Lancaster, was but poorly realized—I understood his abstract value as a loyal English steward, but I could never really *see* him, and his troubles left me cold. Some of the minor characters—old Whinnerah and his wife, for instance—were excellently drawn; and many descriptions of the countryside, of a rural election day, of the old estates, were *right*, and moving. And the Lugg—the sinister, serpentine sea-wall, built to stand for generations and reclaim rich farm-land from the sea—proved the most realistic character in the book. Its final breakdown, though suspected from the first, was nevertheless gripping: the shout of the awed, terror-stricken landsmen, "T' Lugg's brast!," will long ring in my ears. If Miss Holme had just left the little Milne fairies out of it and some of the wild improbabilities, and built a sternly beautiful tale of English sea-farmers, I should have liked it better. DOROTHEA B. HOOVER.

Joplin, Missouri.

BOOK LOVE, MY FRIENDS, IS YOUR PASS TO THE GREATEST, THE PUREST, AND THE MOST PERFECT PLEASURE THAT GOD HATH PREPARED FOR HIS CREATURES.—*A. Trollope.*
Drawn for the Spring Announcement Number of The Saturday Review by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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Racy of the Soil

ONCE A WILDERNESS. By Arthur Pound. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IN the nature of things the Great American Novel must be a composite of regional novels. Always, since fiction began to appear in the United States, it has been regional fiction. Fashion in American fiction has changed, but its regional characteristics remain. Even Sinclair Lewis, who has written great American novels for his day and time, has written them with regional backgrounds. He has wandered from north Minnesota into central Iowa, into the woods of Canada, into the tall towers of New York with Arrowsmith, and trailed the American hombre over Europe with Dodsworth. But his novels have been, always, American regional novels—good ones—and, altogether, they compose an American saga, chanted in the Lewis register, with the Lewis voice.

Yet probably any four novels of four American writers would give us a more accurate picture of America than Mr. Lewis gives us in "Main Street," Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," and "Dodsworth." For, after all, these are just Lewis's personal views on different regions. The views, for instance, of such much less widely accepted authors, as Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Gladys Hasty Carroll, A. de Fierro Blanco, would give the European a much better knowledge of America than the novels by any one author.

Looking back a generation one sees in perspective that the American story of the day following the Civil War, was in all its regional phases a frontier story. Yet no one novelist could encompass it. Today the new story of the rise of American industrialism is essentially a regional story with a different epic theme for the same tragic circumstances in every regional landscape. Some one should write a doctor's thesis upon this larger epic, the rise and decay of rural America. Machinery made the rise possible. Machinery made the decay inevitable. Who will write this strange Odyssey of the machine, its triumphal progress across the land heralding the farmer's victory, the slow turning and the hurrying clamor backward from West to East, and the machine carrying the farmer, its broken, futile victim!

"Once a Wilderness" is a part of the social Odyssey of America. Here the reader comes into a new literary landscape, the landscape of the mid-Western stock breeder—the aristocrat of mid-Western agriculture; a rural person but one of consequence. Mr. Pound has located his story in Michigan. It might easily have been located in any state in the Lake region, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, or Indiana. For these states all face the problem presented by Mr. Pound—the problem of the transition from the ancient ways of farming to the new paths of American industry. In "Once a Wilderness" the farm is surrendering to the automobile industry, which is draining off the old rural blood of America into the cities. The tragedy of decay as it is coming to the American farm—presenting the new unsolvable problem in these first decades of the new century, is common to rural America. It has not been adequately novelized. Mr. Pound has done it well, but naturally he has been limited by time and place.

Of course, it is a changing world. America, five hundred years ago, was predominantly a rural civilization, somewhat more advanced than the pastoral civilization that Abram knew in the Land of Ur, but none the less America was the farmer's paradise. And now, all that is changed. The implications of the change, the reasons for the change, the lucid, straightaway narrative of how and why change is inevitable carries the theme of Mr. Pound's social thesis. But the story is not overloaded with sociology. It is a rousing, robust American tale. A regional novel, *but a good one.*

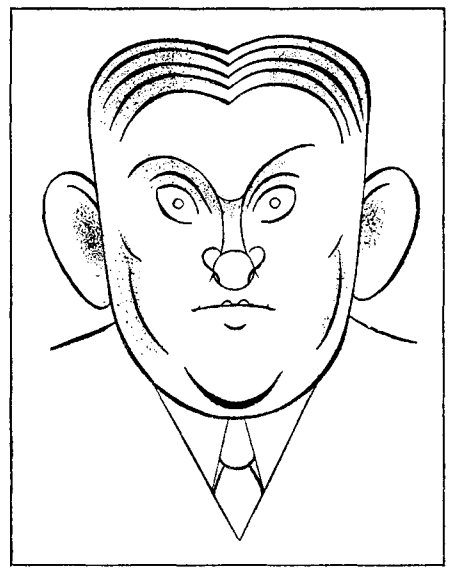
Indeed "Once a Wilderness" is anything but academic. It is earth-bound; a tale of breeding of cattle and of men close to the soil; not exactly a barnyard drama, but with a lot of stable smell in it, and the good, pungent odor of the earth. As an American novel, "Once a Wilderness" stands up and walks, from the first chapter to the last, from the Civil War to the World War and the crash of the war's third phase. It is, of course, narrowly American, this story of the wilderness that grew in seventy years into a complex civilization. This only could have happened in the new world. Yet it is, as all regional stories, only a part of American history. But this part is honestly conceived and well written.

Treatise on Mencken

(Continued from first page)

group of which Mr. Mencken is particularly fond of quoting. Lecky is still a better historian and Dewey and Tufts are better analysts than Mr. Mencken.

Surely anyone who would be likely to read a treatise on right and wrong at all must by this time be aware that there is a good deal of moral nonsense or worse in the Old Testament, that bishops sometimes lie, that there are fools in Mississippi and scoundrels engaged in banking; that the Church is opposed to birth control, and that a celibate clergy has not always practised what it preached. Mr. Mencken gives the impression at times of a parent telling the facts of life to an eighteen-year-old boy who has long been practically and intellectually bored with them. Surely Mr. Mencken must realize that his pupils, the "civilized minority"



H. L. MENCKEN

Caricature by Eva Herrmann, from "On Parade" (Coward-McCann.)

for whom he used to edit a magazine, may have grown up by this time. One had even suspected that they *had* grown up and that that was the reason their laughing, scolding, always gay teacher had given up his pulpit. But apparently he had stepped down only to write a tract.

It seems a pity. For there is, within its rather elementary limits, good enough sense in this book. One can learn from it that there are three types of sanction in ethics, that of revelation, reason, or instinct. One will hear how, and in what respects, Aristotle's "Ethics" is the soundest and most realistic (all things considered) ethical treatise ever written. One will learn that there has been considerable discussion of freedom of the will, all pretty footless, as Mr. Mencken observes. One will wish perhaps that Mr. Mencken had analyzed with more care reason, will, and instinct. He might have found space to do this, if he had saved a few cracks at the ubiquitous morons. One may also learn some things which would be subject to correction. Plato's "Symposium" is *not* full of banalities about love and is *not* "in large part an apology for homosexuality." Philosophy is not always and everywhere an attempt to penetrate the unknowable. Plato is *not* more *metaphysical* than Aristotle. Low economic status is not necessarily a sign of inferiority. Extraordinary dogmas, those uttered by Mr. Mencken to the faithful, and even sophomores are not as faithful these days to Mr. Mencken as they used to be. They know most of what Mr. Mencken has to tell them, and much even that in his exuberance he gets wrong. The book has an index. Also some very enlivening turns of phrase, to the point of boredom.

An Entire Nation on a Little Stage

LONG REMEMBER. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

GETTYSBURG is a point upon the map of warfare where great, tired armies broke against each other in a conflict of blood and decision, and where Lincoln spoke in the chastest English of a dedicated field where men died to test, so he said, the validity of government by the people. But there was another Gettysburg than that to which armies went. That was the Gettysburg to which armies came, a quiet, country town where harvests were ripe for the sickle and men and women waited, unaware, for change and turn in their placid-surface lives. It is of this Gettysburg in which war seemed so far away until it came like plague borne by blizzard that MacKinlay Kantor has written in "Long Remember," a stirring, utterly American book of men and women and war.

It is understatement to say that Mr. Kantor has written a historical novel. For in "Long Remember," far from being background, history is the actor and the men and women of the story are swept irresistibly before it. More than that, in his chronicle of the three days when Meade faced Lee in the woods and pastures of Pennsylvania, Mr. Kantor has compressed into a single drama all that America which came to the climax of its dissension at Gettysburg, fought and fell away, weary and no longer young. Without ever crudely pointing the fact that he writes of a whole nation upon a little stage, he creates in terms as virile, as naked, and sometimes, though more secretly, as prophetic as Whitman's, the picture of a developing nation, divided by battle, but united in native and homely unwillingness to die and will to endure.

By turns grim, humorous, and romantic, Mr. Kantor sets forth his story of young Daniel Bale's return from the open West, in which Indians were still deadly, to Gettysburg where life was settled, complacent, and secure. The far-off war rode home from Hanover Junction with Bale in the person of young Captain Tyler Fanning, who had a wife with hair the color of rye whiskey but also a wound which made him only a sick man in their marriage bed. Tyler Fanning went back, still vomiting, to war, but Daniel Bale, virile in his conscientious objection to killing, remained at home, next neighbor to Fanning's wife, Irene. Into their swiftly full-grown passion, into the tulip garden of old Mrs. Krouse, into the quiet little cemetery where "all persons found using firearms . . . will be prosecuted with the utmost vigor of the law," into Henry Niede's ripe wheat, into Gettysburg came the ragged, drawling Confederates and after them the better uniformed but not dissimilar Federals. Three days they stayed, three days of men and guns screaming, three days of men and horses stinking, three days which forever changed Gettysburg, which left a harvest of corpses in Henry Niede's wheat field, boys buried shallowly under the Fanning lawn, the smell of blood and gangrene in the Fannings' Brussels carpet, and tulips uprooted in Mrs. Krouse's garden despite the cardboard sign hung up in warning to both armies. The three days left Tyler Fanning permanently at home, crippled, and aroused Irene Fanning's determination to nurse him in remorse for her sin. But Daniel Bale went off to war because the penance of the woman whom he desired and who desired him made war a better choice than peace.

These men and women of "Long Remember," frankly fictitious, seem themselves as real as the troops of Meade and Lee whom Mr. Kantor has drawn with such striking fidelity to history. It is not necessary to thumb the pages of his bibliography, unusual in an historical novel, to realize the vast pains which he has taken to recreate actual details. Here are not only the easily learned lines of battle, here, too, are the rows of muddy men in house and church and school where sweaty and bloody surgeons labored, in a terrible inequality with guns, upon the

DRAWING BY WILL CRAWFORD

From the end-papers of "Long Remember"

bodies of men. With taste of dust, and soak of rain, and the smell of wounds and tincture of sesquichloride of iron, Mr. Kantor's research comes to life smelling and terrifying.

There will be some who will regard this book as strong meat and, indeed, it has not even remote kinship with the historical fiction of the sweet lady and gallant gentleman variety. It is as free of sentimentality as of partisanship, and as full of pulsing life as it is faithful to the past. It is a work of distinction by an author energetic enough to know that the past is not to be easily found, and talented enough to bring the long forgotten not only into remembrance but vigorously into life.

By-Products

HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THESE four short novels are about the "raffish" side of the post-war decade, a fading and spectral period which it seems Mr. Bromfield's sorcery is not powerful enough to bring to life. His skill as a story-teller is so far beyond question that I should give this collection a high mark for entertainment; but you will find little of that important writing which distinguished "The Farm" from almost all the fiction of last year.

"No. 55," which begins as the study of a speakeasy proprietor and ends on a note of extremely minor tragedy, has suffered the unusual fate of being improved upon by the film which was made from it. Anyone who has seen the classic performance of Mae West and Alison Skipworth in "Night After Night" will find a certain desiccation in their Bromfield originals, Maudie Triplett and Mabel Jelliman. "The Listener," too, begins as a character study; and Miss Jenkins, the rich spinster who has developed a genius for eavesdropping in all the best hotels of Europe, is a remarkable tribute to Mr. Bromfield's invention. But to give this credible eccentric a major role in what seems to be the Ivar Kreuger story is like putting her through a mincing machine; for the plot, which is violent and precise, reduces her to the merest shreds of reality. "Fourteen Years After" takes place on a transatlantic liner: it is about people of expensive habits who travel the primrose way with diligence and self-pity. All of them have what one might describe as a faint glow—as if Mr. Bromfield, fishing rather aimlessly in the literature of the period, had dragged up an assortment of outworn characters, a little phosphorescent with disuse and decay. "Miss Mahaffey," however, is gay, shrewd, and immediate. Gladys Mahaffey was the daughter of Two-Gun Joe, who had been the bad man of Meeker's Gulch, Colorado, in the days when "there was silver in the mountains all about and the town was wide open." Gladys had led an entirely respectable life as the proprietor of a Tea Shoppe in Winneboga Falls, but there was a call in her blood which New York of the '20s answered. This tale of a wild twenty-four hours is so good as to justify an otherwise rather disappointing collection.

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Stephen Vincent Benét

BY LEONARD BACON

IT has often been pointed out in these carping and depreciatory times, that to express admiration for a contemporary man of letters, however well justified that admiration may be, is an act involving sinister implications and considerable courage. The reader fed for a generation on a diet of denigrating innuendo, natural complement of publisher's blurbs, is pretty certain to find in a pleasant remark about one of the living patent evidence of the puff collusive, of the rolled log, and of the scratched back.

In the present instance, however, the suspicion is definitely without foundation. I have every right in the world to bring my portion of praise to an admired friend and by George! intend to do so.

Stephen Vincent Benét, one of the most interesting of our poets, first appeared to me nearly twenty-four years ago in the improbable shape of a schoolboy of thirteen, an engaging creature as quiet, modest, and self-contained as he is now. The occasion was a small gathering round a tea-table in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, just off that corridor where, as Kipling says somewhere, if you wait long enough, most of the exciting people in the world will pass by. It gratifies me to remember that I was pleased by that small boy, particularly when he expressed a desire for "Spider Leg" tea, a delicacy which has helped to expand the fame of a notable hostelry. I know not if among the anfractuosities of the human mind a taste for Spider Leg tea be peculiarly indicative of virtue. But Jonathan Edwards would have preferred that brew, and I know that Stephen Benét did, though I am sure it was rather the name than the thing which engaged his fancy. At the moment I felt that there was something humorous and attractive about that thirteen-year-old. I have found no reason to alter the opinion.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
With his son, Thomas.

During the next few years I only saw him occasionally. But after many days my orbit did coincide with his for some time at the lovely and time-worn old Arsenal at Augusta in Georgia, where his father (the only West Pointer who ever knew the main body of Elizabethan lyric poetry by heart) commanded with infinite humor and practically complete detachment a sleepy ordnance post which had forgotten old wars and foresaw no new ones. The sweet, dreamy, little city, full of magnolias and courteous, drawling children of ferocious victors of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, was without doubt an excellent place to lay up the treasure which would one day load every rift in an American epic. But at the time I did not know this and merely thought that it was fun to sit on the vine-shadowed porch, while the Colonel held forth on how to define the world's worst poetry (of which, by the way, he had made a magnificent and absolutely fascinating collection) and a boy of sixteen diffidently but with discrimination defended an interest in "The Ballad of the White Horse." There was more than the influence of the pleasant city at work. Every word that proceeded out of the mouth of the delightful old soldier, with his passion for poetry and sagacious humor, was visibly entering into chemical composition with the spiritual elements of his son. I remember those afternoons with an uncontaminated pleasure which it would be fruitless to attempt to communicate. But I may state that the Colonel's talk was consistently exciting and that his expression, when he suggested another mint julep, was beatifically benignant. A boy who had the opportunity of chatting during most of his formative years with such a man, ought to amount to something.

The Yale undergraduate, producing his first volume of verses, who appears to have been the next phase, I do not recollect meeting. But it would be easy to reconstruct him from the little collection of poems, a humorous, romantic young man, his mind on fire from history and poetry, a young man considering in some natural bewilderment but as always with balanced intelligence, a world in which the rhythm of battle was quickening and increasing in amplitude. The book from which these inferences might be drawn is, of course, like the works of most people under nineteen, full of matters to be expected of persons under nineteen. But even so it has working in it that strange warmth and insidious glow which are a part of his personality as they are part of his literary power, giving verve to his conversation and fire to "The Ballad of William Sycamore."

It was some years later that I found his trail again in a cottage in Passy, where he was hard at work on his big epic. There I had ample and pleasant opportunity, either under his own roof or at iron tables on the sidewalks, to test and enjoy the conversation of one of the best and most agreeable talkers of all these times. This statement may astonish some people, for he is given to large silences except in small groups. But if he is in the vein it will be your fault if you don't learn something from him, and by that I don't mean vulgar information. The fact is he has a curious, satisfactory, and attractive wisdom and a definite gift for throwing light on a book, a philosophy, a man. Unexpected facets of some subject that had seemed completely played out, suddenly glitter as he speaks. Some novel implication of what you had supposed a shopworn system develops with a pleasant inadvertence. Or an idiosyncrasy, unforeseen and entertaining, noted by him, expresses an aspect that had escaped you in some familiar character. It is worth while to hear his opinions on figures of the times with whose theories he does not sympathize and whose practice is not his. He is able to consider and estimate them with a justice which would certainly astonish them. As the phrase goes, he gives you a new slant. And if you enjoy your prejudices too bitterly, you had better be careful how you talk with him, for your favorite hatred is apt to be disintegrated in his perspicuous humor.

• It is perhaps not too much to say that the warmth of his feeling and the originality of his sympathy have been important agents of that good fortune with which it has been the fashion in certain quarters to attempt to reproach him. Those qualities are in his personality and they are in "John Brown's Body." They naturally and rightly attract people. And it is idle to talk of a book that rang the bell because it came at some hypothetical critical moment. Stephen Benét is fortunate, but of those fortunate concerning whom men know that they have power, and by God, they have! If he is lucky, he is lucky in the sense that the hero of Emerson's poem was lucky, who

> In strange junctures felt with awe
> His own symmetry with law.

The curdling and incalculable elements which in many poets simmer down finally into weary neutrality, in him lend themselves to what is positive, living, full of motion. He runs, it appears, with contemporary tides and currents, but they take him where he had determined to go, and where he ought to go. In short he is properly in sympathy with his times, and I for one am delighted that his times are properly in sympathy with him. What a complete and satisfactory contrast to the legion of those, who, in a glory of misunderstanding, sit writing letters to posterity, which, Voltaire assures us, will never be delivered. In this connection, it pleases me to relate, that a pure-blooded Indian woman in the Klamath gorges once borrowed my copy of "John Brown's Body." The same copy is now in the possession of a distinguished German woman of letters. I never had to lend "The Waste Land" to either, though one, and perhaps both, inhabited it.

The forces that made Stephen Benét will carry him on. He grows better as he grows older. I expect the new epic which he is meditating to give his old one cards and spades. America has got a poet, whose hand is growing in skill, to make beauty out of her meanness and her majesty. He is ripening into greater elegance, greater simplicity, deeper and more poignant meaning. It is time to take notice, when one finds in a volume of verse ostensibly for children a poem like this:

> When Daniel Boone goes by, at night
> The phantom deer arise
> And all lost, wild America
> Is burning in their eyes.

DAVID McCORD

erto unmated words he sometimes lapses into cleverness; in his too-easy triumph over the recalcitrant rhyme the technician achieves nothing nobler than preciosity. But these are small and infrequent flaws. Far greater blemishes could be forgiven if only for the sake of two contributions to the volume: the title-poem and "A Bucket of Bees." The first is a three-part monologue of a city-dweller remembering the guarded fields and windward knolls of his youth, the wet beginnings of Spring, recalled by the querulous talk—"the cool critical catarrh"—of the crows flying over the town. It is a thoroughly integrated, a richly satisfying poem, clear in tone, compelling in spirit. The lines are uneven only in length; every phrase goes straight to the mark, the swift shafts vibrating in the struck mind. Difficult though it is to sever a segment from such a poem, four short but illuminating lines must suffice:

> It was enough that I should hear by name
> Mention of the Spring before it came;
> Rumor, which is all a city has
> Of the seed's own grievance to be grass.

"A Bucket of Bees," the longest and the most important poem in the volume, lacks that integration of idea and individuality. The material is wholly Mr. McCord's but the inflection is only about three-quarters his. The colloquial philosophical asides have the inflection of Robert Frost, while the idiom of the first two pages shifts from McCord to MacLeish, from MacLeish to Eliot, and from Eliot back to McCord. But, after the first fifty lines, the poem gathers its own strength, and long before the end a complete personality is expressed. The pages abound with more than verbal vigor; the happy phrases reflect the work's central vitality:

> Most of the pools had sky in them, like mirrors
> In an old room smiling to themselves;
> Or some had trees and clouds, and some were cloudy,
> Scored by the breeze that touched too near the ground.

There are other poems which will be read with the kind of pleasure which is the delight of discovery: "The Boat in the Bottle," a saga of sea-going imprisoned by a mariner's blade, and "8.15," a picture of steel switches and signal flowers of light and two great engines waiting for release, and "Presbyterian Plowing," a nice pendant to Wallace Stevens's "Plowing on Sunday." Such poems will fasten on the forgetful mind—none more tenaciously than "A Bucket of Bees," with its conclusion and its after-taste of wild honey:

> O lovely land and ancient upright wood,
> Call home thy servant, the conscriptive bee.
> His life is thine, his work; the geometric field
> An humble hire for fertilizing flowers.
> Call home the child, whose credulous first hours
> Burn at the heart of living, and surprise
> The better reason with unbidden truth.
> Call home the man. He will not come.
> But in the closing dark his eyes may sometime
> Circle the lost last rim of his own world:
> "I walked there once. What turned my face away?"

Such lines communicate authority without pomposity, strength without strain. They have something to say not only for themselves, but for Mr. McCord's future.

Wild Honey

THE CROWS. By David McCord. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WITH "The Crows" a writer of delicate verse and distinguished prose emerges definitely as a poet. His appearance in the larger role has some significance, for Mr. McCord is not merely one more poet to be added to the who's who of adequate, interesting and, sometimes, arresting writers of the day; he has gifts—and ways of presenting them—which are quite his own. Perhaps Mr. McCord's outstanding "difference" is his blending of two tones: he not only combines but fuses light verse and profound poetry. Themes which another might develop into portentous effects are nimbly varied and played with a supple hand.

This unusual blend of grace and gravity is pronounced in the untitled prelude which begins "If I should find, in the dark mind," in the introductory "Hyladæ," in the group of eight poems "To a Child," in the whimsical "Moment in Marmalade," and in many separate stanzas as concise as this excerpt from "Themis":

> I should suppose,
> As time goes,
> Myself shall be
> In alchemy
> The lime, the quick,
> The catholic
> Cool pulse that is
> Earth's genesis.

Such lines give a hint of Mr. McCord's flexible use of rhyme, and indeed there are few contemporary craftsmen more expert than he. His dexterity is not only manifest in the surprise of his rhymes—it needs no trout-fisher to appreciate the skill in "Ecce Iterum Crispinus!"—but in his manner of disposing of them. Sometimes, however, Mr. McCord forgets to preserve that balance between the unexpected and the inevitable which is the perfection of rhyme. In the excess pleasure he derives from the pairing of hith-

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The Bowling Green

E. V. LUCAS, at a meeting of the Three Hours for Lunch Club, was remarking that George Meredith had been very fond of dachshunds.

"That explains," said Don Marquis, "why his sonnets are two lines too long."

"You've spoiled my lunch," muttered E. V. "I wish *I'd* said that."

I was amused to see, in a wine shop on Upper Broadway, a bottle labelled "Cognac Napoleon 1811" and bearing every evidence of most careful faking. The sealed cork was pitted with synthetic corruption, the bottle had been zealously daubed with a crust of old cellarage mould but showed, sharp and clear, a dubious "N" monogram. There was also affixed a label from some importer in Detroit—and the joke of it was that even if it *had* been a genuine 1811 brandy it wouldn't have been worth drinking. If I remember correctly my only experience with a true *fine champagne* of the First Empire (an authentic 1804) it had dulled into a mere dryness on the tongue.

Julian Street, in his excellent little book *Wines* (Knopf, $2.00) reminds us that "Bottles labeled 'Napoleon' Brandy are a mere absurdity, designated to rook the innocent . . . 'Napoleon' Brandy is in the class with Sparkling Burgundy. May the devil take both, and the people who put them out."

"The Sign of the Four"

Sir:—I was looking through an old Anderson catalogue (1909) last night and was thrilled to find listed the original manuscript of "The Sign of the Four," bound in with four letters about the book from Doyle to J. M. Stoddart, the old editor of Lippincott's, and a copy of the agreement between Doyle and Lippincott, signed by Stoddart.

The manuscript was "Beautifully written on 160 small folio sheets, named and signed in full *"The Sign of Four* by A. Conan Doyle." The agreement reads: "August 30th 1889. Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Southsea. Dear Sir: Confirming the mutually agreed upon understanding of today, we propose to pay upon receipt and acceptance of a story to be written by you consisting of not less than 40,000 words the sum of one hundred pounds. Our rights to be entire in America in all forms of publication, and to be exclusive in Lippincott's Magazine for a period of three months" etc.

The four letters from Doyle to Stoddart are written from Southsea and here are some portions quoted in the catalogue:—

"Sep. 3rd. 1889. As far as I can see my way at present my story will either be called *The Sign of the Four* or *The Problem of the Sholtos*. You said you wanted a spicy title. I shall give Sherlock Holmes of *A Study in Scarlet* something else to unravel. . . ."

Letter number 2. (Date not given in catalogue description.) "You promised to collaborate in this book, so I want you to name it, which will surely make you a bona fide collaborator. *The Sign of the Four* strikes me as likely to be popular, but a trifle catchpenny. *The Problem of the Sholtos* is more choice though less dramatic. On you be the burden of choosing . . . I have given you some thousand words over your measure in order to improve and strengthen the story. . . ." etc.

Letter number 4. (Date not given.) "Wait until I get my *White Company* marched into print and my Mayflower fairly afloat, and I shall be over seeking local colour. . . . It's a triumph to get a rise out of you shrewd people on the other side, but a Philadelphia tobacconist actually wrote to me to ask where he could get a copy of the monograph in which Sherlock Holmes described the difference in the ashes of 140 different kinds of tobacco. Rather funny, isn't it? . . ." etc.

It would be interesting to know the present whereabouts of this volume, which, by the way, sold for $105. I wonder if it is in the Huntington Library? Years ago I suggested that there should be a census of modern manuscripts. It is astonishing the number in America. Not long ago I held in my hands the manuscript of "The Story of my Heart." I wonder how many people know that at the Quinn sale the manuscript of "Ulysses" was bought by Dr. Rosenbach for his private library and that the manuscript of "The Playboy of the Western World" is at Amherst?

The catalogue was of the Library of Louis J. Haber, sold December 1st 1909.

M. K.

New York City.

When someone lately tried to create an uproar by asserting that out of 36,000 teachers in New York City schools 1,500 are "emotionally unstable," instead of being shocked I was rather encouraged.

Surely all strong teachers — and the great poets, scientists, musicians, artists, and prophets of every sort—have been a little off even trim. What is so dull, damnable, and stultifying as the routine exposition of textbook hash? A head so square, so solid, so stable that it can never be tilted off balance is accurately known as a blockhead.

One of the best pieces written lately on this subject was Don Herold's *Why Are Teachers?* in Raymond Moley's magazine *Today* (February 17). Mr. Herold spoke of "the container type of children for whom the schools are filling stations; the teachers are station attendants." But all children are not like that. He speaks of his own Barbara—"She finds herself, a tender morsel of flesh and senses, on a madly whirling sphere 25,000 miles in circumference, along with millions of other similar creatures (who have formulated for themselves many funny and irrational rules and regulations), and Barbara wonders why and wherefore and whither. What she wants to learn is why two and two sometimes make five and what of it. Oh, God, give Barbara teachers who will tell her that."

If there are as many as 1,500 teachers in New York City (overworked and underpaid) who really are emotionally unstable, understand by their own pangs something of the jitters, are not just cemented down in status quo, we may get somewhere. I commend to all educators E. M. Forster's forthcoming memoir of a great teacher, G. Lowes Dickinson, published in England by Edward Arnold and to be issued here by Harcourt, Brace. It gives an idea of the emotional zigzag by which a shy and uncertain man became a great influence on the life of his time. It describes a kind of teaching which was not a bartering of "facts" but a transfusion of spirit—so that, as one of Dickinson's friends has said, "you found yourself telling him the kind of things one just doesn't say."

No one, however, should read Lowes Dickinson unless he is prepared to encounter ideas without being alarmed. Many people backfire automatically when an idea comes into the room. Mr. Forster quotes a letter of Dickinson which is not untimely just now:

"H. sent me Papini's book, but really I can't handle such tripe; a sort of sentimental sliming over a quite unreal Jesus. How religious people spoil even their gods!"

Many New Yorkers this winter have had an opportunity to admire the good old ship *Tusitala* lying below Riverside Drive about 155th Street. I should have said before now that any connoisseur of first-rate sea writing will do well to look at the book written by her Old Man, Captain James P. Barker—or, to be exact, written from Captain Barker's telling by his son (and third mate) Roland Barker. I don't know any sea narrative more moving or better told than Captain Barker's story of the 1905 voyage of the ship *British Isles* when it took him 52 days to double Cape Stiff, and he had his wife and babies aboard with him. There were bad omens before they sailed from Cardiff, amply justified by what happened afterward. The coal in Number 2 hold caught fire. The mate lost his nerve and tried to start a mutiny (which was really averted by the rag-doll of one of the children). They were swept by a huge sea that carried away all the boats. The barometer went as low as 27.30. Two men were lost overboard. Another had to have his leg amputated with the cook's meat-saw and butcher knife. The best man of the crew was found crushed and dying under the poop ladder. He was buried at sea, and the rumor went round the focsle that he'd been put over while still alive. A fine map shows the ship's extraordinary track between Staten Island (the one off Terra del Fuego; not our own) and the Horn; after 40 days' fight for westing they were still within sight of the Island. Not less than *Men Against the Sea* this is a Must for shiploving readers—and the fact that you can see the *Tusitala* from Riverside Drive—she also has been through some of the same sort of thing—brings it very near.

An ideal book for the library of an ocean liner—and especially for the new Cunarder 534—is Jules Verne's *A Floating City*, a copy of which in the good old Scribner edition of our boyhood I was enchanted to find at Mr. O'Malley's bookstore on Columbus Avenue. As many readers will vaguely remember, Verne describes an Atlantic crossing in 1867 in the famous *Great Eastern*, that grotesque paddle-wheeled leviathan with six masts and five "chimneys." Her length "exceeded 2 hectometers"; it was 680 feet—twice that of any other ship of her time. And we can learn plainly enough from Jules Verne's story that this maritime boarding-house, the marvel of her day, was unlucky, uncomfortable, and unsafe.

The chief joy of the book is in the grand old illustrations, of the *Great Eastern* herself and of her passengers: whiskered men looking like mastiffs, and wearing either Scotch bonnets or straw hats with fluttering ribbons. Apparently that was before the days of deck-chairs; the ladies sat on campstools, the gentlemen in rocking chairs. There are some of Verne's favorite stock characters aboard: the American gambler, the Mormon missionary, the scientific and statistical ironist, the lady in distress; and when you see "a tall man with a look of profound duplicity" you know there's going to be trouble. There is indeed: it comes to a duel with swords on the top deck; and the villain is killed at just the right moment by a bolt of lightning.

THE "GREAT EASTERN"
(From Jules Verne: *A Floating City*)

I suppose we may assume that Jules Verne actually visited America. His comments have the air of authentic experience, though there are odd slips here and there. Placing the "Tennessee cascades" at Rochester, N. Y., puzzles me a little—can it be Genesee? The translator makes his usual quota of errors, the sort of thing no publisher ever bothers to correct. Putting the poop at the bow of the ship is unexpected. There is some good-humored raillery at the expense of both Americans and British. But what M. Verne (if it is himself telling the story) most wished was to see the country of Fenimore Cooper. In his week's tour he stays at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, goes to the play "New York Streets" ("The Streets of New York," which, incidentally, Boucicault borrowed from a better one, "The Ragpicker of Paris"), takes the night boat to Albany and visits Niagara.

I enjoy his description of Long Island, "a great sandy bank enlivened with vegetation, covered with villas and pleasure-houses, the favorite resorts of the New Yorkists." As the *Great Eastern* nears harbor, "a group of spectators on Sandy Hook Point greeted us with a volley of hurras." And none of Jules Verne's stories about America ever omits some remarks on the New York *Herald*, which evidently made a great impression on him. You will remember that Gideon Spilett, of *The Mysterious Island*, was a *Herald* reporter. This time it was the Personals column in the *Herald* which startled him. He quotes:

"Mr. X. begs the pretty Miss Z———, whom he met yesterday in Twenty-fifth Street omnibus, to come to him tomorrow, at his rooms, No. 17, St. Nicholas Hotel; he wishes to speak of marriage with her."

There is much more social comment in the tales of Jules Verne than his boy readers realized. It would be interesting to know if and when he was over here and whether a record of his visit exists.

Christopher Morley.

THE THREE HOURS FOR LUNCH CLUB
(*Water Color Sketch by George Ennis*)

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That, according to the newspaper magnate, was the beginning of the inscription on the new stone tablets that fell on Sinai. The Napoleonic owner of the *Daily Spy* (and other papers), was fond of preaching nationalism as the best way of assuring favor abroad; the sanctity of private property particularly when owned in amounts in excess of a million; the sacredness of the home—and if his gossip columns increased his circulation at the expense of family life, it was all in the interests of Morality.

But he didn't find among the others who had been present at the modern miracle the proper unanimity as to the new commandments. And so—

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(For a more detailed account, see The Saturday Review of Literature, *March 17)*

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Books of the Spring

By AMY LOVEMAN

WHAT'S in a name? An enormous advance sale, 86,000 requests for the first two instalments of a serial on the third day of its publication in a St. Louis newspaper, and public interest which triumphantly proves that there's life in at least one of the Victorians yet,—that's what's in a name if the name is that of Charles Dickens. The newspaper syndicates have done their job so well that there can be few who do not know that with the death of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, the last surviving child of the great novelist, a life of Christ which he had written for his own children and which he had banned from publication until after their death is at last in process of making its appearance. "The Life of Our Lord," which Simon & Schuster are shortly to issue in book form, would hardly be likely to command widespread attention were it the product of any but its author for as literature—even as literature for the young—it lacks high distinction, and as a rendering of the gospel story it is colored by a Victorian regard for the ignorance of young minds and a Dickensian inclination toward the good and the sentimental. Nevertheless, because it is by Dickens, it takes prominent place among the books of this Spring of 1934.

On the whole those books are more interesting and of better calibre than the publications of a year ago. There is a noticeable absence of the trivial biography, fewer sensational novels, less of the hastily thrown together volumes designed to capitalize on a flare-up of public curiosity, and more of the studies of economic and political conditions which rest on careful investigation and mature debate than for some time past. The lively interest which national affairs continue to evoke finds its reflection in such volumes as "The New Dealers" (Simon & Schuster) in which "Unofficial Observer," whose identity the critics have already been busy with, presents close-ups of a number of the personalities who are steering the ship of state; in the forthcoming "On Our Way" (Day), a collection of his papers and addresses which the President has brought up to date and which may be regarded as the official statement of the Administration program both in the past and for the immediate future; and in the crop of volumes dealing with money and with current economic problems. Certain to arouse excited attention when it appears next month is "Merchants of Death" (Dodd, Mead), by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen, a study of the interlocking interests of munitions manufacturers throughout the world. Some foretaste of the shocking nature of what this book contains has been had by those who read in a recent issue of the magazine *Fortune* an article on the same subject.

Well, we suppose that right is right and wrong is wrong, and never the twain shall meet. Yet there is a shadowy ground between them over which moralists debate. H. L. Mencken, doughty opponent of camouflages of all sorts, has set himself to a consideration of ethics in his "Treatise on Right and Wrong" (Knopf) which is sure to be provocative whatever else it may prove. His book is one of a group of miscellaneous volumes which the more thoughtful minded will want to mark out for their serious reading. Into it fall John Dewey's "Art as Experience" (Minton, Balch), Lewis Mumford's "Technics and Civilization" (Harcourt, Brace), Lewis Browne's "How Odd of God" (Macmillan), a study of the Jews and of the facts of their past that account for their traits and their problems in the present, and Thomas Craven's "Modern Art, the Men, the Movements" (Simon & Schuster), which carries the survey begun in "Men of Art" down to the present.

So now we come to fiction, which as usual bulks larger than any other category of the season's publications. Some years have elapsed since F. Scott Fitzgerald has put out a full length novel, but here it is in the Spring lists bearing the arresting title "Tender Is the Night" (Scribners). It is to our way of thinking a disappointing book, disappointing not only because it is not a good novel, but because it shows flashes of such excellence as to make bitter the author's inability to sustain his story at its highest level. Fitzgerald's contemporary, Stephen Vincent Benét, in "James Shore's Daughter" (Doubleday, Doran), which like "Tender Is the Night" presents American characters against a French setting, is more happy in maintaining the level of his achievement at the excellent competence which makes one long that the tale had been somewhat more extensively developed. Mr. Benét writes prose that is sinuous and forthright; he is the narrator born, not made.

Those readers who like their American fiction to reflect the American background can turn with the assurance of finding interesting tales to Arthur Pound's "Once a Wilderness" (Reynal & Hitchcock), a story of Michigan under the industrializing touch of the automobile magnates; to William March's "Come in at the Door" (Smith & Haas) and T. S. Stribling's "Unfinished Cathedral" (Doubleday, Doran), both of them novels of the deep South; and to Roy Helton's "Nitchey Tilley" (Harpers), an idyll of country youth afloat in the great city. Some excellent historical fiction there is, too, in MacKinlay Kantor's vivid and grim picture of Gettysburg in the throes of battle, "Long Remember" (Coward-McCann), Ruth Eleanor McKee's "The Lord's Anointed" (Doubleday, Doran), which breaks new ground with its portrayal of the coming of the first American missionaries to Hawaii, and Samuel Hopkins Adams's "The Gorgeous Hussy" (Houghton Mifflin), under which title the lovely Peggy Eaton struts her day.

Alas, and alas! We see the inevitable in the shape of the bottom of our column staring us in the face, so lest we don't get them in at all, if we stop to comment on them, we hasten to run off as rapidly as possible the titles of a batch of novels which represent some of the most interesting and entertaining of the Spring's grist. First, a group of English tales, "Magnus Merriman" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Eric Linklater, a brilliant and amusing book, then "The Chronicle of Caroline Quellen" (Smith & Haas), by Seton Peacey, "It's a Battlefield" (Doubleday, Doran), by Graham Greene, and "Five Silver Daughters" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Louis Golding, this last not yet out. Then, several novels with continental backgrounds, "The Oppermanns" (Viking), by Lion Feuchtwanger, a story of Hitler's Germany, "Pillar of Salt" (Minton, Balch), by Peter Gray, which has modern Greece for scene, "Easter Sun" (Coward-McCann), by Peter Neagoe, a Transylvanian story, "In Sight of Eden" (Harcourt, Brace), by Roger Vercel, a French novel which plays in the Arctic, and "Journey to the End of the Night" (Little, Brown), by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, which is French in locale and its Zolaesque matter. Next, two historical novels, "Trumpeter, Sound!" (Knopf), a romantic but powerful tale of Crimean War days, and "The Fool of Venus" (Covici-Friede), an excellent romance with the minstrel, Peire Vidal, for a hero. And now come the mysteries, including Bruce Graeme's new conclusion to "Edwin Drood" entitled "Epilogue" (Lippincott), "Harriet" (Doubleday, Doran), by Elizabeth Jenkins, Dorothy Sayers's delightful "Nine Tailors" (Harcourt, Brace), and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Another Man's Wife" (Longmans, Green). Finally we cite "Seven Gothic Tales" (Smith & Haas), by Isak Dinesen, a collection of baroque stories, Louis Bromfield's four long short stories, "Here Today and Gone Tomorrow" (Harpers), and William Faulkner's "Dr. Martino and Other Stories" (Smith & Haas).

Of course, we're in trouble despite our pains, for the list of interesting biography is long and our space too short for it. There's no help for it: all we can give is titles. Here they are, and they are worth choosing from. "The Robber Barons" (Harcourt, Brace)—American industrialists, not knights in armor—, by Matthew Josephson; "Gentleman of Vienna" (Reynal & Hitchcock), by Count Wilczek; "The Queen and Mr. Gladstone" (Doubleday, Doran), by Philip Guedalla; "A Journal of These Days" (Morrow), by Albert Jay Nock; "I Was a German" (Morrow), by Ernst Toller; "Nijinsky" (Simon & Schuster), by Romola Nijinsky; "Colonel Lawrence" (Dodd, Mead), by Liddell Hart, a biography of Lawrence of Arabia; "I Went to Pit College" (Viking), by Lauren Gilfillan, a chronicle of the Pennsylvania coal mines; "Windows on Henry Street" (Little, Brown), by Lillian Wald, a life of Bertrand du Guesclin by Roger Vercel (Yale University Press), and another called "Black Eagle," (Funk & Wagnalls), by M. Coryn, author of "The Fool of Venus."

The Photographs on the Cover

1. "Pictured Story of English Literature," by J. W. Cunliffe (Appleton-Century).
2. "Queen Elizabeth," by J. E. Neale (Harcourt, Brace).
3. "Brazilian Adventure," by Peter Fleming (Scribners).
4. "The Native's Return," by Louis Adamic (Harpers).
5. *Today*, edited by Raymond Moley, March 3, 1934.
6. "Merchants of Death," by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen (Dodd, Mead: to be published in May).
7. "James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses," by Frank Budgen (Smith and Haas).
8. "I Went to Pit College," by Lauren Gilfillan (Viking).
9. "Nijinsky," by Romola Nijinsky (Simon and Schuster).
10. "Work of Art," by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran).
11. "Men Against the Sea," by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown).
12. "First Over Everest," by P. F. M. Fellows and others (McBride).
13. "Colonel Lawrence," by Liddell Hart (Dodd, Mead).

Children's Bookshelf

By KATHERINE ULRICH

THE books of 1934 for boys and girls, thus far, are scarcely sufficient in numbers to hold one another upright on our shortest shelf. Spring, after all, is traditionally their quietest season. Place an ear to a publisher's door, however. That whirr is the tune of books in the making. Fall will bring them tumbling out, complete and handsome. If the first few months of this year seem particularly quiet, that bodes well for those few books which have unobtrusively made their appearance.

"Son of the Sword," by a Persian, Youel B. Mirza (Viking: $2), is a good, convincing tale, unusual in setting, and its presentation of the untamed, vengeful life of the nomad Kurds is skilfully handled. The young hero's dramatic adventures gain him the strength and wisdom to be the chieftain of his tribe. From William Heyliger comes another intelligent, quick-moving story, "The Silver Run" (Appleton-Century: $2), about a modern boy's grapple with a man's-sized job. This time we get a first-rate picture of what it means to compete in Maine's sardine industry. For sheer fiction, a "Graustarkian" yarn, "The Prince Commands" (Appleton-Century: $2), by André Norton, has all the trimmings—court scenes, American-raised crown-prince, conspirators, mountain hide-outs, fighting, horses and dogs. Note: there is also a new baseball story, "Southworth Scores," by the ever-popular Ralph Henry Barbour (Appleton-Century: $2).

Adventurous living tinted with romance—what girl would not delight in the story of courageous, orphaned Katrinka who came in 1636 from Holland to join unknown relatives in this new world? "Katrinka Van Orst and the Silver Rose," by Elizabeth Gale (Putnam: $2), besides containing the requisite girlhood plot, is written with considerable charm and liveliness. "Miss Nancy Prentiss," by Mildred Wasson (Harpers: $2), is the well-remembered, tomboyish Nancy of an earlier book now turned sixteen and coping with her first year at boarding school. Miss Wasson has a sensitive ear and a quick, comprehending eye, blessings which add immensely to the freshness and naturalness of her book, and lend it a dimensional quality which this type of story too often lacks. As a "mystery," Josephine Daskam Bacon's "The Girl at the Window" (Appleton-Century: $2), falls short of the mark, but as a story about a fifteen-year-old girl forced by an accident to spend a winter in bed, it is human and readable.

Joyful news for the younger readers is the appearance of more adventures of the Swallows and Amazons. Hurry up and join them now on their expedition to Labrador and the North Pole in "Winter Holiday," by Arthur Ransome (Lippincott: $2). If you sympathize with monkeys Margaret Evans Price attractively tells and illustrates in "Monkey-Do" (Harpers: $1.50), what befell one little fellow captured in Africa by an American boy and carried off to France. Interesting wash drawings by Indian children illustrate "Komoki of the Cliffs," by Isis L. Harrington (Scribners: $1.20). The stories tell of the everyday life of the Hopi Indians.

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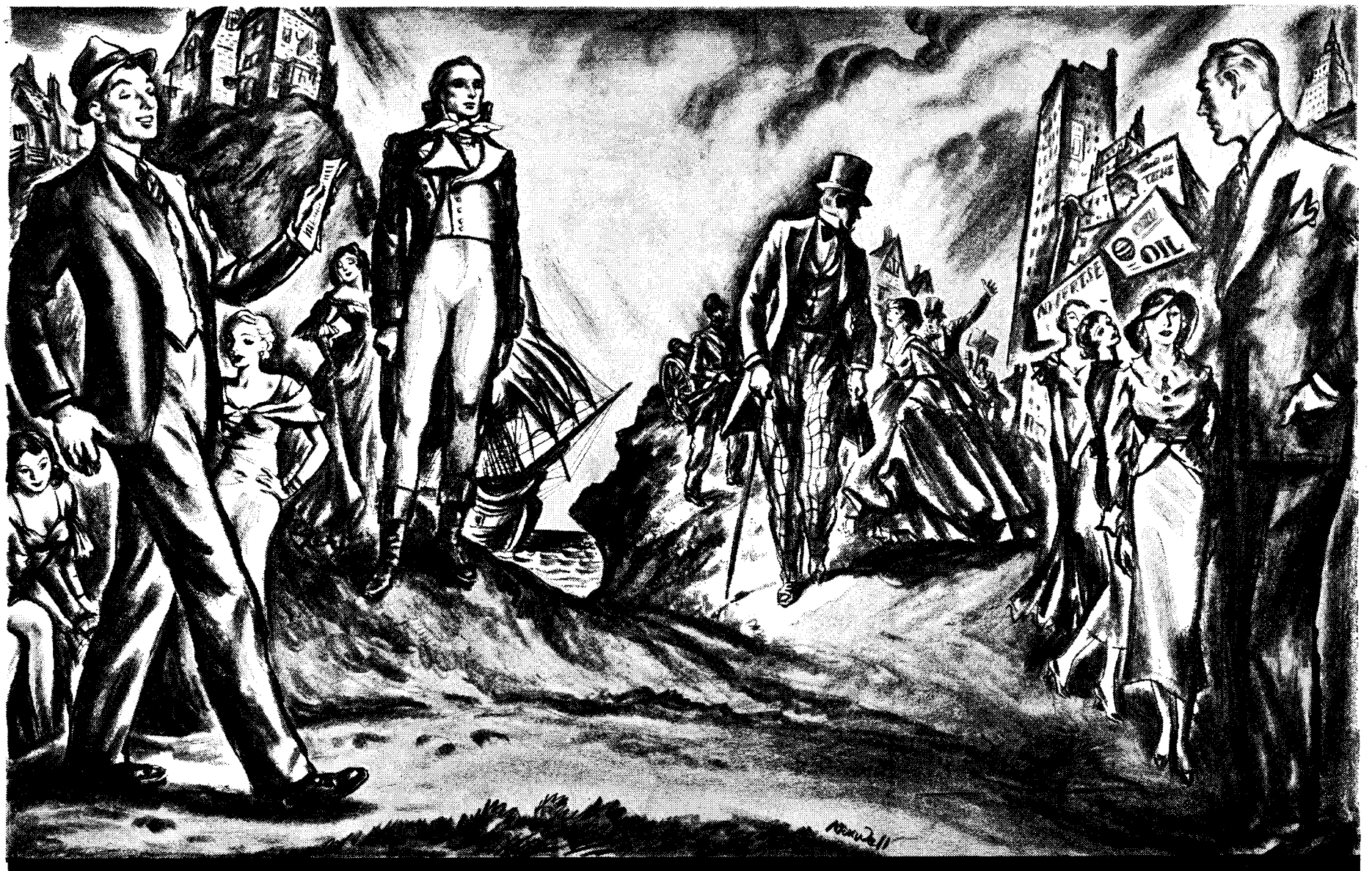

THE RETURN OF THE ROBUST HERO

DO you remember the strange spell that used to come over you as you read of the lusty adventures of *The Three Musketeers*, *Tristram Shandy*, *David Copperfield*, or *The Count of Monte Cristo?* Many weary years have gone by since any hero in modern fiction has so stirred the hearts of people. Literature was brewed strong in those days. Men in books were a sturdy lot and enjoyed life with a gusto that now seems fierce . . .

War came—and heroism was too close to us—it strained the heart and terrified the mind—our heroes became introverts, and too often morbid, tortured, weak. Until ten months ago, the tradition which created that magnificent figure the robust hero seemed to have passed forever . . . a grand tradition, of a virile literature, fostered by such titans as *Victor Hugo*, *Alexandre Dumas* and *Henry Fielding*.

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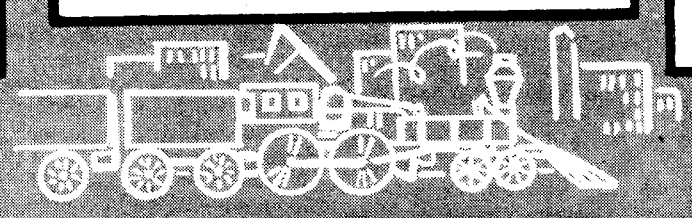

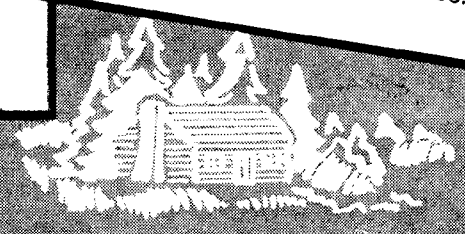

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Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, N. Y.

A Symposium on the Orient

EMPIRE IN THE EAST. Edited by Joseph Barnes. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $3.25.

Reviewed by JAMES L. C. FORD

THE western world stands to lose more than it possibly can gain by pursuing the course of empire in the Far East, according to the ten authorities on the Orient who have contributed to this symposium. Although divided into separate and distinct articles on different phases of the far eastern situation, "Empire in the East" presents a unified judgment on the future of the western Pacific. This judgment visualizes an Orient for the orientals, a Far East inexorably divorced from the political and economic influences of western nations.

"Empire in the East" destroys most of the cherished hopes of "western civilization" for increased national prestige and trade profit in China, Japan, and other oriental countries. The imperialistic dreams of western nations, it points out, are doomed to rude awakening. Colonization schemes may endure but mounting eastern nationalism will raise a "Great Wall" to thwart them. Visions of an El Dorado of trade and rich natural resources may beckon but the East will benefit where profits are to be won.

Joseph Barnes, active executive head of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, has edited this presentation. Under his guidance, it has assumed a coherent and meaningful unity which carries the stamp of knowledge based on experience. Barnes also contributes a valuable picture of the economic future of far-eastern Soviet Russia, the problems which confront the soviet nation in Siberia and Manchuria.

The other contributors, all of whom are members of the American Council, have clarified other phases of the far eastern situation with equal understanding. Owen Lattimore writes of "China and the Barbarians," recalling the long history of China's fight against land and sea invasion. John E. Orthard casts a somewhat gloomy picture of "The Japanese Dilemma."

Other more general questions receive skilful treatment. Grover Clark treats of the "Changing Markets" which have followed the industrial development of China, Japan, and Manchuria. Frederick V. Field and H. Foster Bain follow with their chapters on the "Battle of the Bankers" and the "Second El Dorado." Both demonstrate that western finance and western estimates of the East's mineral wealth have been faulty.

The pressure of population in the fight for food finds Carl L. Alsberg surveying the problem of subsistence with a pessimistic eye. Pearl S. Buck contributes another of her basically sound résumés of the missionary and his relation to the impact between West and East. Tyler Dennett traces "The Open Door" policy of the United States and finds it unsound. Nathaniel Peffer poses the question, "Peace or War?" and concludes that, unless the West alters its own social and economic structure, a far-eastern military conflict is inevitable.

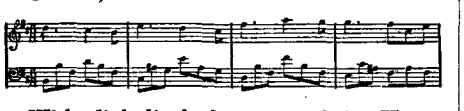
"Empire in the East" should put a halt to the many half-baked and hasty publications which previously have sought to present the East. In its entirety and in each individual article, it echoes the soundness and authenticity born of long experience. It is well written, it is unbiased, and it is based on fact. Finally, it is authoritative. And an authoritative interpretation of the East long has been needed to untangle the cobwebs of half-truths and ignorance woven by superficial observers.

Wagging Furiously

ANITRA'S DANCE. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

EVER since the days of "Appassionata" and "Mannequin," Fannie Hurst has been recognized as one of America's foremost humorous novelists. Her method is parody, and if the subject of her parody is invariably herself, that establishes the individuality of her position. This is worth pointing out, since much of Miss Hurst's humor is esoteric; "Anitra's Dance" might be taken, by a superficial reader, for the rather sordid melodrama which it is on the surface; some few might regard it as a tragedy.

As readers of "Humoresque" know, Miss Hurst has long had a leaning toward musical subjects, and "Anitra's Dance" seizes all the humorous opportunities overlooked by "The Constant Nymph." It is the story of Richard Bruno, the great composer, stuck in the middle of his symphony, "The Span of Life," unable to finish the third movement owing to the distractions of a family consisting, with the exception of his daughter Anitra, of half wits. The first two movements of the symphony "came pouring out of the ether of Mozartian beginnings into the fulsome splendors of Brahms and Beethoven; over the jagged rocks of Wagner into moods approaching the not too bizarre Scriabin, de Falla, Hindemith, Ravel, Honegger." One would have thought this was enough; but no; Miss Hurst leaves unspoken her best comment on this music. Here is Bruno's undeveloped theme (non-musical readers can recognize its quality from the color):

With diabolical cleverness, Miss Hurst leaves it to the reader to discover that Bruno has here transposed into B minor the second theme of the first movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

Of course the humor of "Anitra's Dance" can be enjoyed by anybody in so far as it consists of a parody of style, or of anatomical caricature: "The world wagged. Sophie wagged. Waxman wagged. How furiously it all wagged and wagged." Or—"Sophie . . . was beginning to exhibit symptoms of excess overweight;" and "Anitra . . . that body of hers is the shape of a harp."

Space limitations forbid us to point out many excellences of style and plot revealed as the narrative develops. One should not skip, however, the story of a girl called Sistie who enters a nunnery because cocktail parties fail to give her what she wants out of life. This is an acute caricature of Miss Hurst's own "Appassionata." If there is any unfavorable criticism, it is that the end of the book is perhaps macabre. It seems rather a cruel joke for Miss Hurst to kill off her only attractive character, so abruptly and melodramatically, merely in order to let Bruno finish his symphony. After all, unheard melodies are sweeter.

Democracy in Czechoslovakia

CESTA DEMOKRACIE. By T. G. Masaryk. Vol. I. (1918-1920). *Edited by Vasil K. Skrach. Prahd: Cin.* 1933.

Reviewed by JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

THE successful formation of the Czechoslovak state and the admirable honesty of Masaryk's discourses on his revolutionary activities during the World War have been the main contributing factors toward the success of his "The Making of a State," which appeared in an English translation in 1927. Since then the reputation of Masaryk has increased considerably not only at home but also abroad. His uninterrupted holding of the presidency of Czechoslovakia, his mental and physical agility in spite of advanced age, his unquestionable moral and philosophical integrity, and his successful political leadership which has brought a comparative and reasonable prosperity to Czechoslovakia—these were the main factors focussing admiration on his activities.

For that reason the announcement that Masaryk intended to write a continuation of his memoirs, covering his experiences since 1918, has been received with considerable interest abroad. But the first volume, which has just appeared in Czech, is, in a way, a distinct disappointment. Strictly speaking, "The Making of a State," was a record of personal experiences, impressions, and philosophical discussions, written with that purpose in the mind of the author. But "The Road of Democracy" lacks that subjective expression of personal impressions one expects to get again. The fact is that the book is simply a compilation of various speeches, dispatches, interviews, and remarks that Masaryk made in the first two years of his presidency.

The mass of the material has been collected by Masaryk's efficient and quiet secretary, Dr. Skrach, who has tried to provide interconnecting links between the situations and events by short synopses before the documents. In this effort he is more or less successful; but he has not been so fortunate in his selection of the numerous documents. For example, the Ministerial appointments, the acceptance of resignations of various Ministers, and the telegrams sent to various heads of foreign states are duly included. But what they say is hardly worth the paper they are printed on, because, as is the usual practice, they are prepared by the Foreign Office or by some *Ministersky Rada* (Ministerial Counsellor) in the name of the President.

On the other hand the perusal of other documents shows us a tremendous amount of philosophical material, for which Masaryk is famous. The question of minorities, of the relation of the state to the church, of relations to the Russian revolution, and of socialism—are the themes which received discussion in "The Making of a State" and are now brought to a more mature and fruitful analysis because of the concrete situations creating them. Quite obviously Masaryk still stands staunchly for his "democracy," though all around him the flimsy democratic fixtures are now being thrown into the ash-can. Says he: "I believed and I believe in democracy though I know that it is not easy at all to realize it. Democracy to me means to realize by a democratic form a democratic, humanitarian program: to put into practice in a democratic state and constitutional form the ideals of democracy as the total view on life, as I have always understood democracy."

These words were written on May 19, in the year of Our Lord 1933, when Hitler was already making Germany safe for fascism. Evidently Masaryk is undaunted in his views on democracy. But our recent news from Prague is that his government is now taking steps to defend its democracy by rather undemocratic means. We cannot predict how things will develop in Central Europe. Let us hope, however, that the introduction to the second volume of Masaryk's "Road of Democracy," which is scheduled to appear, will not rationalize on the "road *from* democracy"; after all, the trends of Central Europe are against the fundamental thesis of Masaryk. But his sincerity, convictions, and political rationalism stand head and shoulders above the present emotionalism of other forces.

* *

Joseph S. Roucek is visiting professor of sociology at the Pennsylvania State College.

THE LITERARY GUILD SELECTION

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NIJINSKY, *"Eighth Wonder of the World"*

The writer of these lines wishes that he could do an *entre-chat-dix*. That was the step that only NIJINSKY could do, crossing and uncrossing his legs ten times in mid-air. It would be a fitting way of hailing his life story, now set down by his wife, ROMOLA NIJINSKY.

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Celebrities of all sorts populate these tumultuous pages. There is an astonishing amount of information about music. There are complete, beautiful descriptions of the dances NIJINSKY created out of the electrical depths of his imagination. The entire glittering period of the Imperial Russian Ballet in all its glory is completely recaptured . . .

On with the Dance!

A few months ago *The New Dealers* was a crude, wavering untested "Publisher's Editorial Idea"—conceived in a lucky flash of Editorial intuition while prowling about Washington. Today it is a full-bodied book. The April selection of *The Literary Guild of America*, printed [jointly with the guild] in a first edition of 44,000 copies, a sure-fire best-seller [*any bets?*], the talk of the nation's capital, following syndication in *The Washington Post*, the center of furious gossip and controversy in high places, the subject of a blistering radio broadcast by GEN. HUGH JOHNSON, editorial discussion in weeklies like *Time*, and dailies from coast to coast.

Who is *"The Unofficial Observer"?*

All the King's Horses and All the King's Men will not extract this secret information from the fiery stronghold of *The Inner Sanctum*. Suffice it to say that the author is a man who knows whereof he speaks, and reports his findings on *The New Dealers* with unflagging courage and lively phrase.

Concurrently with the first showing of FRANK BUCK's new film, *Wild Cargo*, *The Inner Sanctum* is publishing a dollar photoplay edition.

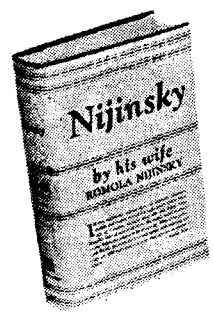
It is a little early in the season for golf, hence *The Inner Sanctum* does not devote more space than this to the mere announcement that ALEX MORRISON has just written a new book to fit in the pocket of the trousers or the golf bag: *The Pocket Guide to Better Golf*. It is a practical book written for the golfer during his golfing hours. It has a convenient index to aid the golfer at once to determine the cause of his hooks or slices or (perish the thought!) whiffs. Price $1.00.

Current *Inner Sanctum* best sellers—*More Power To You!* by *Walter Pitkin*. *The First World War*, *Fun In Bed* and *More Fun In Bed* (aside to convalescents: *More Fun In Bed* is a better book than its daddy. It's bigger—and funnier) *Weymouth Sands* and the hardy perennial, *Van Loon's Geography*.

— ESSANDESS.

NIJINSKY

By His Wife ROMOLA NIJINSKY



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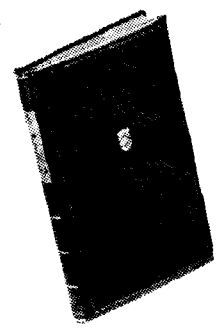

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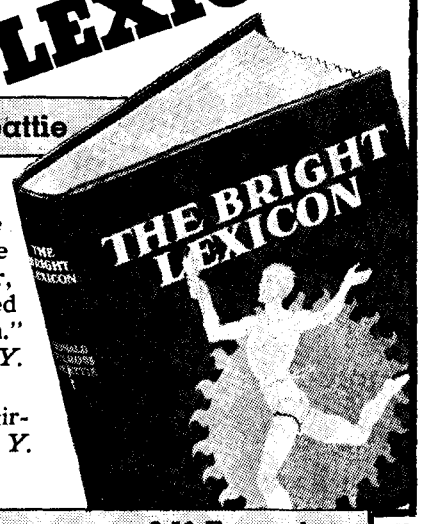

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. Second Series. By Members of the Department of English. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1934. $2.50.

The first volume of this series was warmly greeted by scholars; the second is still better. The essays contained are chiefly literary and critical, although with a salting of pure research, such as Professor Tatlock's excellent miniature upon St. Amphibalus. In general, however, these studies represent the kind of work which is so often lacking in collections of American scholarship; essays based upon sound scholarship, which make use of the information they synthesize for some purpose assimilable by culture and the cultured mind. Or to put it differently, they represent research that is *used,* not merely presented. One should call attention particularly to the group of essays upon John Donne with special reference to Donne's rediscovery by our own time, to Professor Durham's excellent study of Pope's poetic qualities, and to Myron F. Brightfield's analysis of Leigh Hunt's American relations. These essays also are notable for their really excellent writing, an attribute not too common in the work of American scholars.

Biography

CECIL RHODES. By Herbert Baker. Oxford University Press. 1934. $4.25.

On the simple hypothesis that every man has his spiritual side, however meager it may be, Sir Herbert Baker's tribute to Cecil Rhodes is a needed piece of work. Hitherto Rhodes has seemed less a human being than a Mephistophelian creation, carving empire out of diamond mines, betraying friends and enemies in the process. His moments of vision, like that forecasting tariff wars as the wars of the future, were assumed to be mathematical rather than poetic. His immensity of ambition, for South Africa and for England, was considered a selfish extension of his own avarice.

Mr. Baker offers little factual evidence to controvert this harsh view of his subject. Rhodes might easily have conceived of Groote Schuur, bequeathed as the future home of Prime Ministers, as a requisite appendage to imperial honors. His insistence on fostering native forms of architecture and furniture may have had its roots in a shrewd desire to placate the Boers. But, with the most unfavorable interpretation on Rhodes's deeds, we must concede being impressed by the sincerity, the occasional fervent admiration, in Mr. Baker's writing.

This testimony alone suffices to temper our severe judgment as to the man Rhodes. He was a frustrated soul, but some soul was there. Amid his riches and glory, he felt gratitude to some one who had invited him to Christmas dinner each year. He hoped poets and artists might be attracted to the city of his founding. Whatever his motives in architectural planning, at least his taste was sound. Mr. Baker, his architect, makes that clear.

The unrestrained enthusiasm many reviewers felt for Mrs. Millin's biography was not shared by the present writer, for reasons which become apparent on reading Mr. Baker's book. Mrs. Millin displayed the masculine virtues of precision and virility in her recital; a touch of wistfulness was a negative rather than a constructive quality in Rhodes. Mr. Baker contributes the feminine factor, lending warmth to the man. This curious reversal continues the picture of Rhodes as a man's man, in whom women had little interest.

It remains to be noted that the format of the book is exceptional, the type superb, the photograph of Table Mountain a work of art. A foreword by General Smuts accurately describes the book as a partial character study rather than a biography. C. R.

Fiction

A FEATHER IN HER HAT. By I. A. R. Wylie. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.50.

Miss Wylie has firmly entrenched herself in the heart of a large public as a writer of novels that go the way well told stories should go and deal with people who are odd and pitiful and gay enough to fit snugly into just such stories. The present volume deals with the adventures of a young Englishman who discovers on his twenty-first birthday that he is not the son of the brave and gay cockney woman who has raised him and fostered in him his love for the beautiful and rare. He is an engaging and annoying youth never knowing what is best for himself but generous and sympathetic in all his relations. The strange assortment of individuals who make up his fiancée's family and the mixed group of humbler folk who belong to his old life, afford Miss Wylie an excellent chance for her exuberant Dickensian characterization. A pleasant while-away book with a mildly surprise ending. G. G.

PILLAR OF SALT. By Peter Gray. Minton, Balch. 1934. $2.

There is a quality of freshness about this first novel by a young American author that comes from something deeper than its setting, modern Greece, which is new, or its technique, a continuous moving back and forth from present to past, which is unusual. Mr. Gray sees his characters and his setting with an impersonal clearness which makes it possible for him to present them to us as something not seen before. To a Greek writing of the two lads Spiro and Kosta they would undoubtedly seem more usual, familiar, but Mr. Gray finds in them a strangeness which he is able to reproduce without losing their reality.

The story opens with the two young men in prison awaiting execution for murder. The reader knows nothing of them. They may be bandits, desperadoes of the worst type. The story swings to their boyhood and the Greek hills. They are young, happy, idyllic. The ugly present is forgotten in this story of boyhood. Back again to the prison with the black morrow near at hand. The horror recedes once more into the past with the boys older and complexities entering life. So block by block, present, past, the story is built until we know the two young murderers almost pulse by pulse as well as act by act.

There is a tranquil and unaffected

(*Continued on page* 618)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CAUTLEY MYSTERY *A. Fielding* (Kinsey: $2.)	Inspector Pointer of the Yard aids local cops when shotgun and poison do dirty work near London.	Not-so-good solution caps tale of assorted Cautley cousins, complicated by vanishing pearls and tricky will.	Fairish
SETTLED OUT OF COURT *Ronald A. Knox* (Dutton: $2.)	Puzzling deaths on English country-place solved by insurance investigator, "Yard" man —and Unkind Fate.	Father Knox plays the game fairly, providing mystery, action, extra-good conversation and surprising denouement.	Diverting
THE GREENWELL MYSTERY *E. C. R. Lorac* (Macaulay: $2.)	Young English chemist with secret erl-producing foimula is kidnapped and international sleuths get busy.	Slightly reminiscent of earlier Oppenheims but has enough intrigue and thrills to stand alone, without bloodshed.	So-so
THE SINISTER SHADOW *Henry Holt* (Crime Club: $2.)	Lovely gal, intrepid lover, newspaper "crime expert" and Inspector Silver track down mysterious master-criminal.	Familiar formula with more and better thrills and trickier ending than usual.	Relieves *Weltschmerz*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the perhaps wild hope that the Spring has come at last—though the weather may indeed be Balm of Gilead by the time you read this—I am presenting the following poem by *Isabel Fiske Conant* who is at present at Coker College, Hartsville, South Carolina. She writes me of the abilities of *J. McBride Dabbs* who is Professor of English and English Literature at that institution. In the Spring number of *The Yale Review* you will find an article by him entitled "Robert Frost and the Dark Woods." Now for Mrs. Conant's poem:

DECORATION
By ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Now in the marshlands the redwings are calling,
Hylas, peeping, are inches of Springtime essence,
Keen as blades of Damascus or yellow jonquil
Sheathed in a hurt heart.

Spring is a dagger, etched with a flower-pattern,
Light is an arrow, barbed with its thrust of healing,
Beauty, beauty, conquering girls and birches,
Enters the being.

Spring this year is also celebrated by a crop of new small magazines, along with the jonquils; and that friend of authors, *The Writer*, has added extra pages, a new cover, new size, and new names. *Sargent Collier* has become an active owner and editor. The address is still 673 Boylston Street, Boston. . . . Returning to the matter of poets and gastronomy, an old friend of mine, *Henry Chapin*, who used to live at Boar's Hill writing poetry in the shadow of *Masefield*, is now editing *Wine and Good Living*, a periodical devoted to the art of hospitality and the enjoyment of leisure, sponsoring wine from the consumer's standpoint. Mr. Chapin grows his own vineyard and has made a study of grape-culture and wine-making in France and America. The address of his magazine is 116 East 59th Street.

. . . Then there is *Five*, presenting five poems a month, edited by *Margaret Scott Copeland*, Rosewood at Columbia, Ontario, California. . . . And the March-April issue of *Trend*, an illustrated bi-monthly of the arts (16 East 43rd Street) is under a new editorial board. . . . And *The Blue Pencil*, a literary magazine edited by *Thomas H. Uzzell* at 342 Madison Avenue, announces a contest open to everyone, for selections to be published in its "Ash Can Department." The selections must consist of short passages of verbose, "purple" writing from the works of well-known authors, living or dead. The first prize will be five dollars; the second prize will be a copy of Mr. Uzzell's excellent anthology, "Short Story Hits, 1933," just published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. The succeeding prizes, for any passage accepted, will be a year's subscription to the magazine. *R. L. Stevenson, O. Henry, Ludwig Lewisohn*, the Bible, and *William Faulkner* are among the authors who thus far have been honored by inclusion in the "Ash Can Department"! . . . The seventh biennial Harper Prize Novel competition, ending on February 1, 1935, has recently been announced. The judges will be *Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Canfield*, and *Louis Bromfield*. Any author who is a citizen of the United States and who had not published a novel in book form prior to January 1, 1921, is eligible. . . . The latest juvenile prodigy was discovered recently in England by *J. M. Dent*, and her book is published over here this very Saturday by E. P. Dutton. If you are either a horseman or a horsewoman you should get it at once, as its title is "Horsemanship As It Is Today," by *Sarah Bowes-Lyon*. It is printed and illustrated in crayon by the author, a little girl of twelve, and has been reproduced in facsimile. Even the cover design is by the author! And believe me when I say that you will receive considerable sound instruction concerning horsey matters, along with the amusement you derive from the book, which is now in its third impression or tenth-thousand in England. . . . To return, however, to commenting on new magazines, I must not omit mention of the fact that this month the first number of a new bi-monthly illustrated periodical, *The Literary World*, will appear under the imprint of *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*. Mr. Mitchell's ventures are always delightful and I am glad to chronicle this one. *The Literary World* will give its readers amusing and entertaining news about the men and women who write books, the houses that publish them, and the book dealers who sell them. Mr. Mitchell's address is 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut. The cost of his magazine is two dollars a year. . . . Do you know the talks of *Constance Murray Greene* (Mrs. Stanley Greene) of 50 Kane Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.? She lectures on modern poets and poetry to women's clubs, on introductions to poetic understanding to schools and colleges, and on children and poetry to child study groups. She is the step-daughter of *Henry Mills Alden*, long editor of *Harper's Magazine*, the daughter, sister-in-law, and sister respectively of the poets *Ada Murray (Alden)*, *Joyce Kilmer*, and *Aline Kilmer*. She knows many of the leading poets and writers of the twentieth century, with most of whom she has warm personal friendships. *Edgar Lee Masters* and *Arthur Guiterman* are among those who have expressed themselves as enthusiastic about her work. . . . Originally I couldn't believe there was such a name as that of the tall, rangy theatrical producer falsely styled *O. E. Wee*—but now I find that there is also someone named *Mo Wax*. He is associated with *Ronald Bank* at 1658 Broadway, and specializes in "Final Shooting Scripts, Screen Adaptations, Scenarios, Treatment, Montage Effects, Special Dialogue, and Title Suggestions." Just now he and Mr. Bank are preparing *James Farrell's* extremely realistic novel, "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," for filming. Farrell recently wrote to the screen writers expressing his opinion that no film producer would have the courage to make a movie of "Studs." Wax and Bank, however, are working away at a treatment of it, and though the uncompromising language of the book will be largely eliminated, the basic characterization and terrific realism of the original will be retained in the motion picture version. . . . Spring poets, attention! The Yale Series of Younger Poets, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut, now edited by *Stephen Vincent Benét*, announces a competition closing May first, open to American poets under thirty who have not previously published a volume of verse. MSS of forty-eight to sixty-four pages acceptable. Write the Yale Press for a list of the rules. . . . *Jessie Rittenhouse* tells me that the Macmillan Company are this month bringing out a volume of *Clinton Scollard's* Selected Lyrics, under the title, "The Singing Heart." The book is edited with a memoir by *Jessie B. Rittenhouse*, Mr. Scollard's widow. As she has remarked to me, Mr. Scollard wrote too much, and knew it, but there is a beautiful residue of work which I shall be glad to see selected in a volume by so skilled a judge of verse as Miss Rittenhouse. Mr. Scollard was a delightful person to meet, one of the most rarely courteous of human beings. For an avocation he golfed enthusiastically, having followed the game ever since it became popular in the United States, which, after all, wasn't so mortally long ago. At least, I myself was a golf addict in my boyhood. . . . Once more, dear friends, there is *another* magazine called *The Literary World*, aside from Mr. Mitchell's. It has just started, and is a monthly survey of international letters, published at 12 Mt. Morris Park West, New York City. Its editorial staff is composed of *Angel Flores, Samuel Putnam, Emil Lengyel, Arthur Livingston, Louis Kronenberger*, and *Stanley J. Kunitz*. I can heartily recommend it—with that list of editors—to the judicious, and it is not at all in the same field as Mr. Mitchell's magazine. Considerable space in this second magazine will be devoted to significant foreign books, and authoritative information concerning foreign authors will be given. The first number will be out next week, April 15th. You can write the editorial offices or 'phone them, Harlem 7-7820. . . . Now I shall wander out into the first Spring day of the season, and hope it keeps up!

STEFAN ZWEIG

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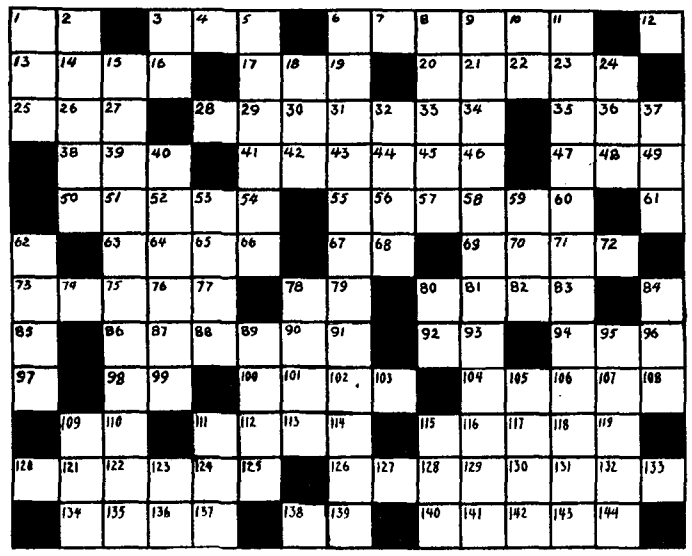
Double-Crostics: Number 2

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word, each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing! The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken.



DEFINITIONS

I. 130-99-72-93-57-65-101. Pertaining to a German river.
II. 82-33-128-71. Foreboding, augury.
III. 12-52-142-118-56. Edge of the sea.
IV. 46-6-66-34-132-21. To set a value on.
V. 11-70-64-115-102. An even bet at Monte Carlo.
VI. 100-108-140-29-79. Where an Indian lives.
VII. 105-113-90-54. English poet and essayist (1784-1859).
VIII. 68-98-125-109-23-61. Without difficulty.
IX. 74-2-26-122-104. To grant an extension.
X. 30-75-7-81. Remains of a destroyed building.
XI. 131-86-44-58-69. Frosted surface.
XII. 134-45-106-51. A help in solving a puzzle.
XIII. 80-89-20-3-119-49. Appointed lot, destiny.
XIV. 35-4-83-123-111. The color of a good sunburn.
XV. 92-59-107-24. Terrifying monster.
XVI. 126-43-10-38-94. To play unfairly.
XVII. 16-124-110-36-76-85-127. An Oriental drug.
XVIII. 53-27-84-73-78. To instruct and improve.
XIX. 40-32-91. An article of furniture.
XX. 116-37-144-31. Has a double meaning to sailors.
XXI. 1-62-139. Monetary unit of an Eastern country.
XXII. 47-114-41-121-136-133. A celebrated German composer.
XXIII. 13-39-88-67. Part of a body or part of a tree.
XXIV. 87-19-22-48-63. Hatred, contempt.
XXV. 15-77-137-42. A slowly boiled concoction.
XXVI. 50-120-17-97. A bird and a constellation.
XXVII. 112-28-138-103-96. To suppose, deem.
XXVIII. 8-14-129-117-141. Pertaining to a wall.
XXIX. 60-5-143-135-9-95-25-18-55. A servile admirer.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
XVII. _____
XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____
XXIII. _____
XXIV. _____
XXV. _____
XXVI. _____
XXVII. _____
XXVIII. _____
XXIX. _____

NOTICE

This is the second of a series of ingenious literary puzzles invented by Elizabeth S. Kingsley for *The Saturday Review*. A new puzzle will be published each week, and the answer to the previous puzzle will appear regularly in this space. Let us know if the DIRECTIONS are not clear. And after you have solved several of the puzzles we should like to know whether you think them too hard or too easy—our DEFINITIONS will be governed accordingly! Write to THE PUZZLE EDITOR, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(Number 1)
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON—"ULYSSES"

And tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 616)

beauty in the writing of the novel that furnishes effective contrast to the intensity and passion of the story told. This first novel stands out in the completeness with which it has realized its intent and in its atmospheric integrity. G. G.

THE VALIANT WIFE. By Margaret Wilson. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.50.

One cannot avoid feeling a double purpose in this novel, though it may quite possibly have been unconscious in the author's mind. It makes, however, a somewhat sundering effect in the reader's attention and line of thought. He is ostensibly offered a frankly romantic tale (though of authentic happenings) concerning gallantry and hardship during the War of 1812: a tale of a young wife who, after the death of her first baby in one of the frequent epidemics, leaves her comfortable Quaker home in Philadelphia and makes the perilous crossing of the ocean to be near an unfortunate husband confined as a prisoner of war in England. Torn by his sufferings in the neglect and cruelties of the terrible prison life of those days, she is unable to do more than comfort him with a sense of her nearness, while she fearfully maintains a difficult disguise in the neighborhood. Eventually, after a not-too-convincing delay in revealing the situation to the prison authorities and winning their permission for more open intercourse, the young husband's life thus becomes less unbearable, and finally a happy end is reached in his release through an exchange of prisoners.

Running parallel with this story of romantic adventure, and during one part of the book very nearly supplanting it, is the account of the happenings in the Dartmoor prison, a scene with which the author has evidently made herself familiar so that she is able to give authentic and horrifying descriptions. This section is good in itself, both in the characterization of various prisoners and in the sustaining of suspense; but, perhaps because of its length as well as its painful emphasis, one feels almost that this is a separate book from the rest. On the other hand, a basis of real truth and purpose beneath sheer romance is never to be undervalued, and supplies its own interest and worth. In developing her material the author usually writes well, though not with distinction. But sometimes, notably in the first quarter of the book, she is careless to the point of obscuring her own meaning—as in frequent confusion resulting from sequences of loose pronouns. Such defects one feels she is more than able to remedy. M. C. D.

PRIVATE WORLDS. By Phyllis Bottome. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.50.

It is an ambitious attempt that Miss Bottome has made in her latest novel. Its scene is laid in an insane asylum, and its thesis, if it may be called a thesis, is that the delusions of the inmates show us our own spiritual weaknesses magnified for inspection, and at the same time show the results of indulging them. We use the word "spiritual" instead of "mental" advisedly, for in Miss Bottome's view the great trouble with most people is that they allow themselves to inhabit private worlds. "Letting oneself be cut off by pride—or shutting oneself up completely in a dangerous intimacy—or hiding because of fear"—the end of all this, she suggests, may be the completely private world of the mad. In accordance with these views, she tells the story of certain members of the asylum staff who are involved in problems parallel to those which have wrecked some of the patients, working her theme out so that eventually one of these for a time loses her mind, suffers the delusion of one of the patients, and believes that she is that patient in all respects. This central problem Miss Bottome then resolves by demonstrating the results of generous trust—one might almost say, of faith—on the health of the inmates.

It is, as we said before, an ambitious attempt which Miss Bottome has made; one wishes one could call it a successful one. Unfortunately, however, though the warmth and generosity of Miss Bottome's writing are evident and command respect, her novel is borne down by a combination of sentimentality and sensationalism. The central situation, the scene in which the patient goes mad as suddenly as a stick breaks, is altogether too neatly contrived for the demonstration. It is so clearly calculated to convince us of the author's thesis that it does not convince us of its own truth. It may be that according to the records of abnormal psychology it is quite possible; but its effect is improbable; and as Aristotle says, better an impossible probability than that. The burden of Miss Bottome's pretentious thesis overpowers her tale. B. D.

THE THIRD SON. Margaret Culkin Banning. Harpers. 1934. $2.

Of course the title of Mrs. Banning's last novel admits that she is telling a fairy-tale. Her characters have been illustrated innumerable times in the glossy pages of popular magazines, where the prince and princess are shown, remodeled in smart modern clothes, their coaches turned into shining automobiles. Their trials are inevitably caused by a modern dragon,—economic necessity.

We are told, on the jacket of Mrs. Banning's book, that her two young people, Pat and Sheila, are rebels, that they refuse to fit into the grooves of success prepared for them by their families. But in the book they never achieve the individualities of true rebels; shadowy and thin, with no real life of their own, they submit docilely to Mrs. Banning's high-

(*Continued on page* 620)

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Contemporary French Fiction

At last, at very long last, we are working around to some of the club programs which are still among our unanswered correspondence. There is the request, for instance, of *E. L. A. of Freeport, L. I.*, chairman of a club which boasts Pallas Athena as patron saint, who writes us:

For a club topic on French literature I know plenty of old writers, but know nothing of any modern or contemporary novelists except Rolland, or Colette. Would you kindly suggest some?

As it happens, perhaps the most distinguished work appearing at the moment is from the pen of a French novelist, Jules Romains, whose MEN OF GOOD WILL is being published in English translation by Knopf. So far two volumes have been issued, the first bearing the above title, which is the name of the entire work in the French original, and the second called PASSION'S PILGRIMS. They constitute a work of impressive character, profoundly reflective yet full of lively and veracious characterization and quick with the prescience of human struggle. It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell on Proust's work, for E. L. A. has undoubtedly read at least part of REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST (Boni), and at any rate knows that this remarkable psychological study is generally accepted as one of the literary masterpieces of our day. Of André Gide's tales, THE COUNTERFEITERS and THE VATICAN SWINDLE have been translated into English and are issued by Knopf, and the Oxford University Press brings out SI LE GRAIN NE MEURT in French. André Maurois is more widely known in this country as a biographer than as a novelist, but such books as THE SILENCE OF COLONEL BRAMBLE, BERNARD QUESNAY, and FAMILY CIRCLE (all Appleton-Century) prove that his keen intelligence, his gift for seeing the essential in personality, and the grace of his manner can be turned to good account in fiction. We don't know just how much reading E. L. A.'s club is prepared to do, or whether it is to be done in English or French, but if it is contemplating a season's program, the club might include in its selections Barbusse's UNDER FIRE (Dutton) one of the few novels which, while the war was still in progress, commanded wide attention as a picture of the struggle; some of Barrès's "novels of national energy" (the Yale University Press issues THE UNDYING SPIRIT OF FRANCE), Paul Bourget's A WOMAN'S HEART and OUR LADY OF LIES (both Brentano), and some of the works of Bazin, Brieux, Duhamel, and Rémy de Gourmont. All France last year was reading Malraux's Goncourt Prize novel, LA CONDITION HUMAINE, which is shortly to be brought out as "Man's Fate" by Smith & Haas, and discussion waxed high over JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, which was denied the prize on the ground of a naturalism which would have done credit to Zola at his most sordid. Little, Brown is about to publish the book over here. Finally, to bring to an end what is merely one of many groups of books that might be suggested, there is Roger Vercel's IN SIGHT OF EDEN (Harcourt, Brace), a tale of the Arctic, to which the America-France Committee has given its first award.

For Club Programs

Another request in connection with club programs which we've sidetracked far too long, is from *Mrs. J. T. L. of Wahoo, Neb.*, who writes us:

I am seeking information on approved book lists for clubs and children. Anything suitable for working up women's club programs would be greatly appreciated also.

The American Library Association puts out for a small amount of money a booklet compiled by E. G. Henry entitled HELPS FOR CLUB PROGRAM MAKERS which, together with PROGRAM OUTLINES ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS (Appleton-Century), by J. V. Sloan, ought to prove useful to Mrs. J. T. L. Also, the University of North Carolina Press issues a series of Extension Bulletins of which several should prove extremely helpful. There is, for instance, a set of pamphlets called ADVENTURES IN READING, first begun in 1925, which takes up the books current in each succeeding year to and through 1932, giving information on authors, discussion of works, etc. The series further contains a bulletin by Marjorie N. Bond, TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE, which should yield excellent material on which to base a program for club study of the contemporary novel, short story, drama, and poetry. As to children's reading there is no better guide to be had than REALMS OF GOLD (Doubleday, Doran), by Bertha Mahony and Elinor Whitney, which contains selected lists of books graded for different ages. Another highly useful list, issued in pamphlet form, is that entitled SEVEN STORIES HIGH: THE CHILD'S OWN LIBRARY, by Anne Carroll Moore, which is reprinted from the 1932 expanded edition of Compton's PICTURED ENCYCLOPEDIA (Chicago: Compton). A more exhaustive work is her LITERATURE OLD AND NEW FOR CHILDREN, just issued by Houghton Mifflin.

Witchcraft and Demonology

We strayed away from the subject of good and evil the other day without mentioning, as we had intended, the letter of *R. F. B. of Honolulu, Hawaii*, in regard to demonology. She writes us:

Have you any suggestions for good reading on demonology? A friend, inspired by Seabrook, GOLDEN BOUGH, and PRIEST OR PAGAN, wishes to delve further into this subject. Information about it from any aspect—as it is practised, or has been practised, in any part of the world—would be of interest.

Now truly,

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

If R. F. B. can lay her hands on Montague Summers's THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY (Knopf), she will find in the volume a bibliography long enough to keep her friend busily reading about Satan and his retainers till winter comes round again. The bibliography is divided into the following sections: General; Scriptural and Oriental; England, Scotland, and Ireland; England; The Pamphlet Literature; France; France: Special Cases; Italy; North America; Germany; Spiritism. Mr. Summers himself is indefatigable in writing of this subject, for in addition to the above book he has published a continuation to it, with new material geographically arranged, entitled THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT (Knopf), and THE WEREWOLF (Dutton), which also contains a bibliography. An older work, which still remains of high rank, is Moncure D. Conway's DEMONOLOGY AND DEVIL-LORE (Holt), which traces legends, myths, customs, etc. Still other studies are Grillot de Givry's WITCHCRAFT, MAGIC, AND ALCHEMY (Harrap), Paul Carus's HISTORY OF THE DEVIL AND THE IDEA OF EVIL FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY (University of Chicago Press), and L. M. Sinistrati's DEMONIALITY (Inman). Special studies that have the weight of scholarship behind them are PRIMITIVE CULTURE (Brentano), by Sir Edward Tylor, MALAY MAGIC (Macmillan), by Sir William Skeat, and THE DEVILS AND EVIL SPIRITS OF BABYLONIA (London: Luzac), by R. Campbell Thompson. The very latest book to come from the press is A TREATISE ON WHITE MAGIC, by Alice A. Bailey (New York: Lucis).

A Hypothetical Examination

If I were to take a hypothetical examination in contemporary English and American literature, what would be the best text-book for me to use? I would want, of course, one as up to date as possible.

If J. A. E. can afford to buy the CAMBRIDGE HISTORIES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE (many volumes, issued by Macmillan in an expensive edition with bibliographies and a less expensive without) he would have at hand the wherewithal to provide the proper answers to secure an A in any course that examiners could set. If he wants something brief we suggest for English literature Saintsbury's SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan) and J. W. Cunliffe's ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE LAST HALF CENTURY (Macmillan), and for American P. H. Boynton's HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE (Ginn), and Fred Lewis Pattee's HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE SINCE 1870 (Appleton-Century).

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INTELLIGENT woman, 36, living in prosperous Ohio city, though life has held interest—education, travel, friends—would correspond with right gentleman valuing best things of American life. Virginia.

WANTED: Correspondence with gentleman north side of 38, unconnected but not old-maidish. One who enjoys sharing travel experiences and is internationally minded. Widow of Magellan.

WOMAN desires correspondence with gentleman age 50-55, born Libra or Aquarius sign. Address "Gemini," c/o Saturday Review.

WOMAN of forty wishes to correspond with unattached man, living in or near New York, interested in human nature and the exchange of thoughts on matters of general interest. "Spring."

THIRTY YEARS MY HEART has been set on buying grandest hilltop in East. A place to possess your soul between heaven and earth. Will be sold soon, cheap. But I haven't the money. Four or five—say a poet, a philosopher, an artist, a composer—could join to buy—and enjoy—not as a community, but as individuals. I have plan. Write—Mountaineer.

DESIGN for living calls for correspondence with a nice respectable old maid. Who'll oblige? Don.

JOB WANTED: in the country somewhere near New York. Young girl (27), educated, capable of managing practical details. Box 600.

IS THERE an interesting young man in New York who is seeking sympathetic companionship with an equally interesting young lady? Pursuits: literature, music, art, conversation, humor. Box 601.

SECRETARY at university, A. B., four years experience, available June-September. Would prefer to be gobbled up by literary, musical, or travelling world. Box 602.

YOUNG MAN—cultured American with diversified interests and occupied in literary pursuit desires to meet congenial and interesting young lady. Box 603.

IS THERE an unattached man of forty-five or thereabouts who would enjoy playing a friendly game of bridge; exploring New York; reading or walking with a refined well-educated woman. Box 604.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE (not pretty) responsive lady, foreigner of breeding, age 29, desires companionship of tall cultured, music-loving and well-informed American gentleman with sense of humor in middle forties or fifties. Box 605.

PUBLICITY combined with personnel and business executive experience, with deep interest in foreign affairs, especially Far Eastern—prefers connection where understanding of Far East would be an asset, but not essential. Box 606.

YOUNG MAN, M.A., with research, political campaigning, newspaper experience, seeks position as editorial assistant. References. Box 607.

POSITION WANTED by Englishman, 27, single. Preferably publishing house; something with future. Can proofread; make up small magazine; writes intelligently, reviews, editorials; has broad interests. Box 608.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 618*)

handed and arbitrary management of their lives. They are brought together in a series of astonishing coincidences, and as astonishingly snatched away from one another,—for they must suffer for the good of their souls, before the happy ending. They haven't a spark of initiative, but then, they are merely paper-dolls. Sheila, the *chic* heroine, was cut from the pages of *Vogue*, given a smart wardrobe and a list of accomplishments.

It seems a pity that Mrs. Banning's thoughtful honesty should be wasted on so profoundly unimportant a story.

C. C.

Government

YOUR COUNTRY AT WAR. By Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr. Philadelphia: Dorrance. 1934. $1.75.

While the original edition of this book, then entitled "Why Is Your Country at War?" was being printed—this was in the spring of 1918 in Washington—government agents entered the printshop and ordered the plates destroyed. A few hundred copies, however, had been run off. They were sent to Minnesota for use in Congressman Lindbergh's campaign for the Governorship. It is easy to understand why, at such a time, such a book was regarded as dangerous. Congressman Lindbergh was not an extreme pacifist; he was not a non-resistant or a conscientious objector. "Now we are in the war," he says, "and must prosecute it until we have established peace." But in almost the same breath he declares: "It was not originally our choice to go to war. We were dragged in because the 'war for profit group' refused to sacrifice temporarily their speculations." What he said in support of our fighting it out he seemed to repudiate by what he said of the way we got in.

Most of the book, however, despite its title, has nothing to do with the war. It presents Lindbergh's political gospel, the gospel that Big Business had the country by the throat and that its grasp could be shaken off only by government operation of national monopolies like railroads and telephones, combination of farmers and wage earners to "control the economic situation" and substitution of government control of credit for its control by the "Money Trust." Government control of these "important agencies," he believed, would "steady prices and standardize things that are in general use so that all the industries will have a sure means of success and no gamble." This counsel of perfection discloses the real Lindbergh—dreamer rather than statesman but democratic to the core.

R. J. D.

International

DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA. By Walter Duranty. Viking. 1934. $2.75.

Many of us have long wanted a book on Russia by Walter Duranty, and now we have it. It is not as valuable as a freshly written volume up to date from its author's pen would have been, but it is interesting and useful nevertheless. Duranty deservedly won the Pulitzer Prize for the best reporting in 1931. He has a rare knack of reading between the lines of Soviet newspapers.

There are two dangers in reports on Russia at this point. On the one hand they may be too official, favorable or whitewashed. But more generally in reporting on the darker side, or the seamy side of things, which the Soviet-censored press may not give, they usually so magnify or gloat over the elements of failure, of weakness, or of evil that they give quite a distorted and unfair picture. For Russia is a land of contrasts and contradictions. Its glowing ideals are often contradicted or defeated by the ruthless means by which it seeks to realize them. Papers like the *London Times* or the *Chicago Tribune* eagerly seize upon every weakness and evil and often give us the scum and scandal of reports from Riga or over the border within the enemy's country. Both these papers have lost influence by such prejudice. One and all of us who want the whole truth without fear or favor are under a lasting debt of gratitude to the *New York Times* and to Mr. Duranty for giving us the fairest picture of Soviet Russia that we have had for twelve years.

It is valuable to have this material by the dean of American correspondents now gathered in one volume. Mr. Tuckerman, who has collected it, has done his work well. All the letters and articles are dated. After an introduction on Fifteen Years of Soviet Power, the first part covers Russia under Lenin, and the second under Stalin. A fair and vivid picture of the collectivization of the Russian farms reminds one of the lifelike pictures of Maurice Hindus. Finally, Russia's Ledger is balanced under Gain and Cost. There are many useful notes in the lengthy Appendix. Americans have shown a practical and true instinct in their avid desire for all the available facts on the Soviet Union, which this book will help to satisfy, together with the writings of Maurice Hindus, W. H. Chamberlain, and Louis Fisher. No country is so well-informed about both sides of the Russian experiment today as our own. Mr. Roosevelt's wise recognition of the Soviet Union will probably make for the increase of trade, prosperity, and peace. Toward this result Mr. Duranty's reporting has been an important factor.

S. E.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

ART

Decorative Art. 1934. Studio. $4.50. *The Face of Christ.* C. C. Dobson. Milwaukee: Morehouse. $2.50.

BELLES LETTRES

Chaucer's Use of Proverbs. B. J. Whiting. Harvard Univ. Pr. $3.

BIOGRAPHY

Early Days Among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians. J. S. Seger. Ed. S. Vestal, Univ. of Oklahoma Pr. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

Rhythm of Life. S. Lazarsfeld. Greenberg. $5. *Keeping Campers Fit.* E. E. Williams. Dutton. $2.50. *The Retirement of Public Employees in Virginia.* R. A. Egger. Appleton. $4. *The Printer.* J. Johnson. Oxford University Press. 75 cents. *Cankered Gold.* E. L. Howard. Muskegon, Mich.: The Author. $1.25. *Illuminated Manuscripts from the Pierpont Morgan Library.* New York Public Library. 50 cents.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
KILLER'S CODE *Charles Wesley Sanders* King: $2.)	Western	Old Mournful Martin, who dispenses philosophy and lead, gets himself and protegé mixed up in villainous goin's-on.	Standard
TEN CENT LOVE *Maysie Grieg* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	The little girl behind the counter appeals to the Park Avenue hero—intentions honorable, of course.	Woolworth's
THUNDER IN THE DUST *Alan LeMay* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Western	Set in Mexico, the latest yarn of this top-notch spinner of horse-epics involves a Wyoming rancher very active indeed in Mexican politics.	Superior, definitely
FAMILY AFFAIR *Nelia Gardner White* (Stokes: $2.)	Novel	Another unpretentious but singularly engaging time-killer in which the author fixes an ordinary American family between covers.	Good
DOCTOR ARNOLDI *Tiffany Thayer* (Messner: $2.50)	Novel	Beginning in his usual whirl-wind manner with genuinely funny dialogue, Thayer's story of what would happen if death were suddenly suspended peters out to finish in a vacuum.	Spotty

PERSONALS—*continued*

W. J. D. Received enjoyable epistle too late. Delay unavoidable. Meet same time, same place 6th. If gone back to South write again please. E. A. F.

AMERICANA FOR SALE: The Aboriginal Portfolio; Portraits (75) of the most celebrated Chiefs of the North American Indians. J. O. Lewis, Philadelphia, 1836-38. First page loose, otherwise excellent condition. Mail offer. Crosby, 108 Washington Place, New York City.

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CLEVER party man with unique idea for weekly gaieties needs fun-loving backer with few hundreds to share merriment and profits. Penthouse.

BADLY NEEDED — Good or big-hearted ladylike correspondent. "Middleage."

FREE booklet describes 87 plans for making $20-$100 weekly spare time. Box 623.

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The Playboy of Gad's Hill

COLLECTORS not only read—they occasionally evolve out of their collections engaging footnotes to history or biography. Consider, by way of example, the chain of adventures that befell Charles Rubens and the fruits thereof.

Some months since, returning from the continent to London via Dover, Mr. Rubens bethought him that it was in this colorless little part that Charles Dickens labored for three months in the autumn of 1852 on "Bleak House." The association of Dickens and house, perhaps, reminded Mr. Lukens that Gad's Hill, final and most famous of the novelist's homes, was on the direct road to the metropolis.

Gad's Hill is now a young ladies' seminary, but its traditions are not lost on the present proprietors, who maintain the establishment as school and memorial alike, and admit visitors at specified hours. The Rubens party arrived on Sunday, which was out of bounds, but the head mistress, Miss Mina S. Burt, not only graciously permitted them to inspect the premises but herself acted as conducting officer.

The focus of interest, of course, was Dickens's study, and in particular, relates Mr. Rubens, "the famous doorway which originally had broken the uniform extension of the long rows of books, until Dickens had conceived and carried out the idea of covering it with an imitation of a book case containing a number of fictitious titles invented by himself." During his tour of the study Mr. Rubens's eye fell on a playbill for one of Dickens's private theatricals—unfortunately, a facsimile.

Back in America, apparently, Mr. Rubens had the good fortune to acquire (whether at a single stroke or not he fails to say) two letters from Dickens to one Eeles, who was in charge of the alterations at Gad's Hill. Both letters were written in October, 1857, and both have to do with the imitation book case and the fictitious books. This documentary evidence, Mr. Rubens properly asserts, seals the history of the dummy library "with an authenticity which could not be more perfect."

But Mr. Rubens, in all this pleasant excitement, had not forgotten the facsimile play bill. He found an original and sent it to Miss Burt, who reciprocated by copying the titles of the dummy books and transmitting the list to him. The titles, which apparently have never been printed in full before, together with the two Dickens-Eeles letters and Miss Burt's letter to Mr. Rubens in facsimile, have been incorporated into an account of the whole incident—"The Dummy Library of Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill Place: Recollections of a Pilgrimage," as narrated by Mr. Rubens to J. Christian Bay—which Mr. Rubens recently issued at Chicago in a private edition of three hundred copies.

Of the more than sixty titles which comprise the library, several are obviously local and topical, and not all, therefore, are funny at this writing and in this longitude. Some might be anybody's, others are obviously Dickens's. Here are a few:

The Wisdom of Our Ancestors. Vol. I: Ignorance; Vol. II: Superstition; Vol. III: The Block; Vol. IV: The Stake; Vol. V: The Rack; Vol. VI: Dirt.
Noah's Arkitecture. Vols. I-II.
General Tom Thumb's Modern Warfare. Vols. I-II.
Socrates on Wedlock.
Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing.
Lady Godiva on the Horse.

J. T. W.

The Offenbach Workshop

SCHRIFT UND HANDWERK: Ein Offenbacher Sonderheft des Philobiblon. *Vienna.* 1934.

WE have had occasion before to speak of this Austrian magazine devoted to printing and book making, which deserves support and encouragement from all interested in books. It presents, first of all, a very comely typographical appearance — both in size and careful type-setting it sets a high standard. The contents include fairly long and scholarly treatises on various aspects of printing, old and new, and a considerable amount of current information about book publishing and book auction activities in Europe and America. I know of no magazine where equally interesting matter is so attractively presented.

The first part of *Philobiblon* for 1934 contains a special section devoted to the work of the Offenbach craftsmen—Rudolph Koch, Fritz Kredel, Berthold Wolpe, Willi Harwerth, the Klingspor Brothers, and others of the group which has produced some of the most distinctive work not only in typography, wood engraving, and other graphic arts, but also in many other of the hand crafts. There are forty pages of text by Georg Haupt, sixteen pages of plates of craft work other than printing, and a handful of loose specimens of Klingspor work. The whole forms a reasonably representative collection of the work done at Offenbach, and will be of much interest to those who realize how outstanding has been that accomplishment.

Philobiblon is one of the few European magazines devoted to printing which cannot be overlooked.

R.

The Folger Library

THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY. Washington, 1933.

THE Trustees of Amherst College, administrators of the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington, have issued a modest but sufficient book containing information which will be of general interest.

Mr. Joseph Quincy Adams has written an account of the amazing collection of books which Mr. Folger gathered; Mr. Paul G. Cret, the architect, has written of the fine building which houses the collection; and there are thirty-six excellent photographic plates of the structure, inside and out.

It can truthfully be said of this book that it sets forth with added effectiveness, because of its modest straightforwardness, the substantial grandeur of this remarkable library. Only a confirmed devotee of the needlessly mysterious, follower of Donnelly or Looney, could fail to be impressed by the devotion which gathered these books and housed them so nobly.

R.

Dumas and the Gold Rush

A GIL BLAS IN CALIFORNIA. By Alexander Dumas. Translated by Marguerite E. Wilbur. Introduction by P. T. Hanna. Wood engravings by Paul Landacre. Los Angeles: Primavera Press. 1933. $3.75.

THAT Alexander Dumas wrote a story of the gold rush, the adventures of a Frenchman who joined the searchers for gold in 1849, has apparently been known to few. The book was first published in Brussels in 1852 under the title "Californie—Un An sur les Bords du San Joaquin et du Sacramento"; a German edition appeared the same year, and a second French edition under the name "Un Gil Blas en Californie" in 1861. It has never been translated into English until the present edition, a somewhat surprising circumstance.

Whether Dumas conceived the book entirely himself or whether, as he professed, it is the little-altered journal of an unknown Frenchman whom he met at Montmorency, is a mystery which his own assertions do not make plain; Mr. Hanna's ingenious suggestion that it may have been founded on papers and conversations of some real Gallic adventurer, fused into a story by the great novelist in the days of his intimacy with Ada Isaacs Menken fresh from her California triumphs, seems attractive! At all events, it was an admirable idea to translate and publish the story.

It is a well printed book with some competent wood engravings by Paul Landacre, including a grand pictorial map of San Francisco Bay and the region of the diggings.

R.

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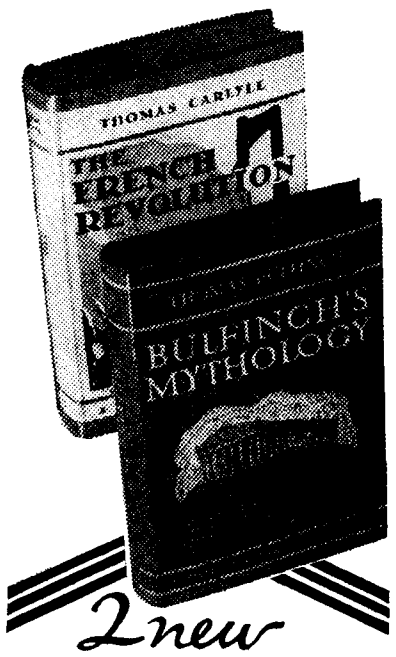

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The Quercuses and Mr. Bob Linscott of Houghton Mifflin, erring in the direction of Sutton Place, were delighted to learn that their old friend Peter Mulligan is doing handsomely in his kitchen at 422 East 55—an ancient coach-house which he has turned into a most agreeable restaurant. Peter is one of the Irish who were Born Hungry: he takes food seriously and serves it in generous portions. When he was a book salesman for Macmillan, years ago, he never could get enough to eat, so he went into the chophouse business. The famous Mulligan Stew used to be delivered around in cartons, but no messenger could be found who was not tempted to open the container and sample it en route. ☞Traces of Peter Mulligan's literary training survive however: The shelves behind his upstairs bar, where the Three Hours for Lunch Club occasionally meets, were once an old bookcase. ☞He plans to fit up his roof as Mulligan's Airport, where the Lonely Hearts of Sutton Place make an ascension every afternoon at 5.30. ☞That whole neighborhood is full of bohemian recollection: Edgar Allan Poe used to go swimming in the tide rips below "Welfare" Island; and Peter Doelger's great effigy of King Gambrinus is just around the corner.

☞Quercus was amused, he doesn't know just why, by a circular announcing the "Formal Opening of the Speech Center"—with 22 Heads of Divisions, a Hospital for Speech Disorders, a Home Talent Division, a School of Everyday Speech, and a Vaudeville Producers Division. As some pretty poem said of old, "In your sweet dividing throat, She winters and keeps warm her note." ☞The saddest thing that happened lately was the salesman who tried to sell copies of a book on Nudism at the Garment Center.

☞Frances Steloff of the Gotham Book Mart has returned from a vacation in Mexico City where she found some fine bookshops (especially Alberto Misrachi and the American Book Store) and surprisingly cold weather. She was agitated by seeing a bull-fight. ☞Mr. R. T. Bond of Dodd, Mead says advance interest in *Merchants of Death*, Engelbrecht and Hanighen's book on the Armament Industry, is exceptionally vigorous. The book will contain many illustrations of modern death equipment—illustrations "of the bleed type" he accurately says. (An illustration is "bled" when the cut comes right out to the edge of the page, with no margin.)

☞Frances Fox took the pseudonym of Frances Renard for her novel, *Ridgeways*, after consultation with a numerologist. We should have thought it was a linguist. ☞Speaking of linguists, the first misprint we ever saw in *The New Yorker* is in the French caption of a drawing in the March 31 issue: "Regardes, Pierre—un américain." We hardly know whether to suspect them of careless proofreading or bad French. ☞Coward-McCann issue an amusing item on William C. Hanighen's biography, *Santa Anna: Napoleon of the West*—"Santa Anna may go down in history as the villain of the Alamo, but perhaps the most villainous thing he ever did to America was to introduce chewing gum into this country."

☞The pulling power of this department is established by the fact that our recent complaint *in re* the unavailability of Dorothy Sayers's early books has borne fruit. Medium Quercus is obliged to Mr. Earle Walbridge, who noticed our recent jeremiad, and lent us a copy of *Whose Body?* It is every bit as good now as it was eleven years ago. ☞It was amusing, though, to see that the early Peter Wimsey had some excess baggage of eccentricities which Miss Sayers has later dispensed with: an exaggerated dropping of g's, a touch of shell shock, and —hinted at—a hidden unrequited passion. As Wimsey has become more human, his stories get better and better. *Cf.* Philo Vance.

☞*Booknotes*, the twelve-page booklet issued bi-monthly by the Britannica Book Shops, gets better and better. There seems to be a new theory distinguishing *Booknotes* from the usual bookstore leaflets: namely, that the descriptions of books should be honest, rather than uniformly favorable. After reading of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* that "it's excellent journalese, but . . . all a little silly"; and of *Shake Hands with the Devil* that it's "deftly written, but not of unusual significance," one takes them seriously when they let go and shout about a book.

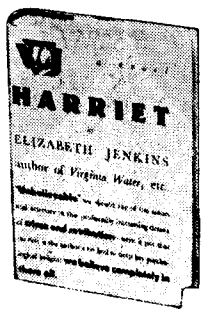
☞Old Quercus, always very susceptible to Advertising, has often thought of ordering a bottle of *Moët & Chandon* but is never quite certain how to pronounce the two little dots. ☞Spring is here, the new brand of Applejack (exclusively predicted in this department) is on the market, and on Shakespeare's Birthday there'll be a new Wodehouse book. ☞One of our favorite pictures (we reproduce it) is *Harry Johnson Serving Drinks To A Party of Six*, in the good old *Bartender's Manual*,

now republished in a new edition by Charles E. Graham, Newark, N. J. ☞But, as the vintners say with exquisite simplicity, this advertisement is not intended to apply in States where liquor is unlawful. ☞The interesting article in April *Fortune* on Books for Boys discusses the enormous industry of the Stratemeyer Syndicate which takes a hack at the juvenile market (20 hacks, indeed, and keeps them all busy). ☞It also remarks on the fact that General Hugh S. Johnson of the NRA used to write juveniles. At Mr. O'Malley's Columbus Avenue bookstore we discovered General Johnson's *Williams of West Point* (Appleton 1908). ☞Even then Hugh Johnson (Lieut., U. S. A.) was interested in Codes: his foreword says, "This book is intended to convey to boys some small idea of the old Code of the Cadet Corps." It's a well-written book but rather mysterious to those who don't know West Point personally.

☞Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Conn., makes alarming announcement of his new bimonthly magazine *The Literary World:* "All the background usually hidden from the reading public will be laid bare. Subscribers to *The Literary World* will know what the author of a certain best seller said to a certain critic; just how much it cost a certain publisher to keep a certain poet sober enough to finish his latest book." ☞The Society of American Florists writes us, evidently in a most determined mood, "One of the major exhibits at A Century of Progress in Chicago for 1934 *shall* be the International Friendship Garden, which *shall* contain," etc. The italics are Quercus's. ☞That excellent English magazine *Life and Letters*, now edited by Mr. Hamish Miles, has become a monthly (instead of a quarterly). It calls itself "the florin magazine;" how many of our patrons know what is a florin? ☞Bert Crockett, author of *The Old Waldorf-Astoria Bar Book* (Dodd, Mead) laments that cocktails nowadays are shaken instead of stirred as in the Pre-War. Shaking dissolves more ice and makes 'em weaker. ☞Georgia Lingafelt, bookseller at 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, values a fine copy of Aldous Huxley's first little book (*The Burning Wheel*, Blackwell, Oxford, 1916) at $45. ☞The vigorous *Book Survey*, published quarterly by Cardinal Hayes's Literature Committee, says that "many of the evils from which we are at present suffering were produced by books, books which have weakened faith, corrupted taste, undermined morals and left most of the world floundering in despair."

Crime Club CORNER No. 3

They Laughed
when we quoted the English reviews..



English jacket of Harriet, a sensation abroad.

When on the backjacket of **HARRIET, by Elizabeth Jenkins,** we reported the tempest of applause which this book had caused abroad, we were rather severely scolded by *The New Yorker*. Said *The New Yorker*: "I WON'T be so excited I can hardly read it, no cold hand can CLUTCH at my heart, nobody named Elizabeth Jenkins is going to drag me through pity and terror, either!"

Our jacket, the book steadily making a hit here, too.

BUT just see what America, herself, is having to say about this vivid, exciting, unclassifiable novel of passion and death.

"An absorbing novel, worthy to stand on the shelf of the elect with THE LODGER, By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes."—says **Alexander Woollcott** (Also in *The New Yorker*).

"The story of Harriet is terrible, told by Miss Jenkins enthralling. A memorable experience."— **N. Y. Times.**

"About a thousand times as horrible as the trumped-up and over-decorated *Cadaver of Gideon Wyck*—Slow accumulation of shivers—Credibility never lost for a moment."— **Herschel Brickell.**

"DRACULA was child's play beside HARRIET. I dipped into it, never came out again until dawn."— **Charles A. Wagner.**

"True horror—far too strong for the silk-lined stomach of the general reading public."—**Edward Hale Bierstadt,** author of *Curious Trials and Criminal Cases, from Socrates to Scopes.*

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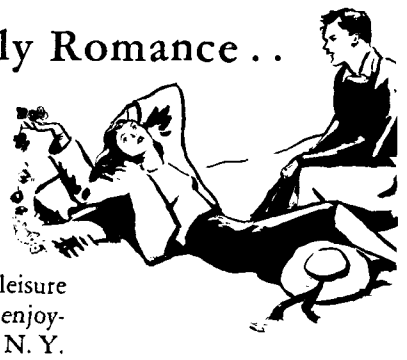

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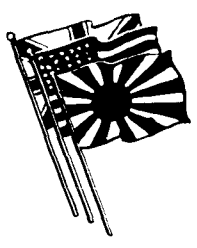

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